ANUARY 3 — 9, 1981

RS. 2

# EVE'S WEEKLY

ANNUAL FORECASTS FOR 1981

BEGINNING A NEW SERIAL: THE MYSTERY AT GUL MOHAR

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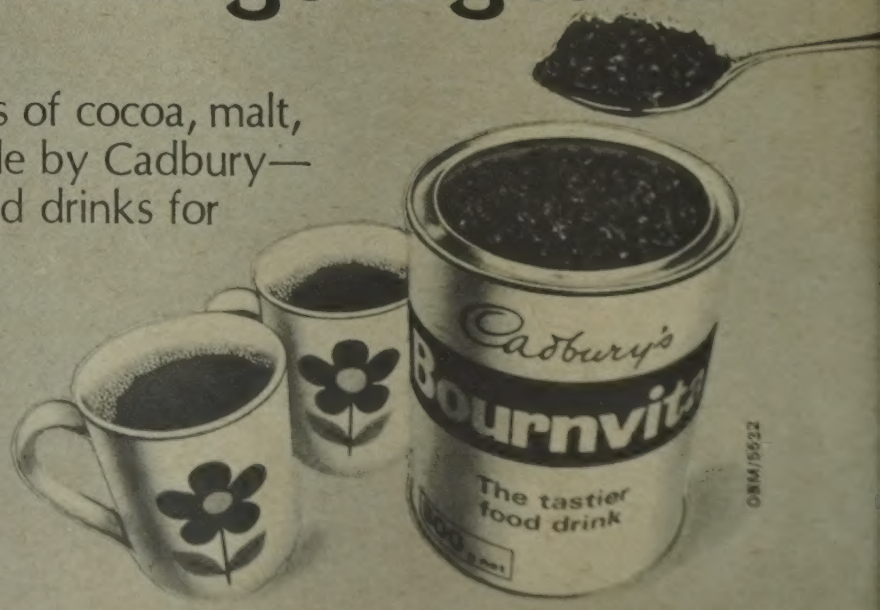


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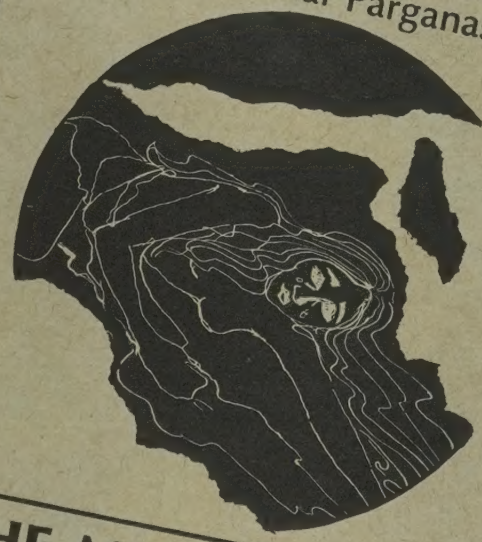
Eve's Weekly

## THE POLITICS OF RAPE

**10** Mass police rape is a recurrent phenomenon in our country today, but its significance as a weapon of class domination is rarely emphasised. An investigative report on one such incident of police rape occurring in the Santhal Parganas.



## THE MYSTERY AT GUL MOHAR

**18** Begins in this issue. A novel for children in five parts.

## WOMEN IN CHINA

**12** There is perhaps no single group of Chinese people who gained so much from the 1949 Revolution as did the women. A look into their present state of equality and economic independence.

## YOUR FUTURE IN 1981

**50** Love, Romance, Career, Money. What the new year has in store for you.

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Children of the 80s — **Page 15** Creations in shells and plants — **Page 21** Film Interview: Kamalahasan — **Page 25** Using the media — **Page 31** True Confession — **Page 41** Passing Through: Elizabeth Stierli — **Page 44.**

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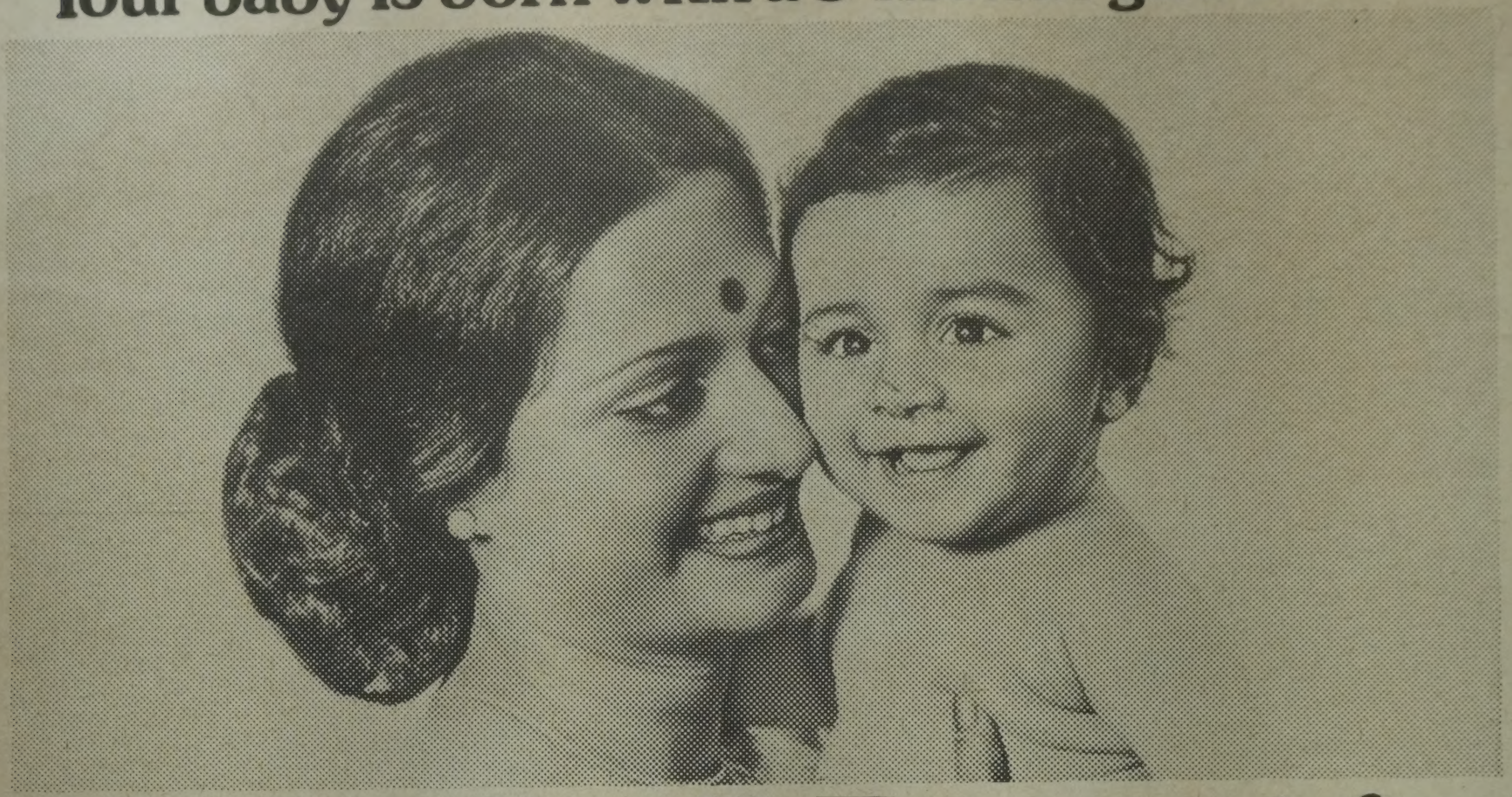
# Your baby is born with a 3-month gift of iron



## After 3 months, milk alone cannot give him the iron he needs

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—Dr. Subhash C. Arya: "Infant & Childcare for the Indian Mother."

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## Doctors recommend Farex
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## THE MISTRESS

1st PRIZE

In an era when women are fighting for their rights and their proper place in society, it is ironical that the 'mistress' or 'the other woman' who, by dint of sheer circumstances, gives and does so much for her man, is still looked upon with total contempt and is denied any right to her man's property after his death. Of course, it must be made clear that any woman with whom a man has a transitory affair cannot be deemed to be his 'mistress'. But where a marriage is absolutely incompatible and social circumstances do not allow the couple to break up the marriage, it often happens that the husband seeks and finds solace in the arms of another woman with whom he establishes a lasting relationship. Such a woman has the lawful right to be called his 'mistress'. This woman who gives all her love, time, companionship and understanding to such a man, need not always be bad — in fact, she should be given certain rights by which she can assert herself in society, maybe not as his lawfully wedded wife, but as his legal, live-in partner. And in the event of the man's death, she should be given as much right to his property as his wife. After all, it is not the little slip of paper, which proclaims a couple to be man and wife, that should be important here — society, in this case, should view the situation in the light of justice. The 'other woman' is also a woman; perhaps, more so, since she has been able to successfully woo her man and keep him!

**PARIMAL BOSE, Calcutta**

**We do not say mistresses are bad; we dare say, in most cases, they are better, more interesting, more understanding than the wives. But if we confer legality on this arrangement, how is it any better than bigamy? There is nothing to prevent a man providing for this woman (and the children, if any) during his own lifetime. Status she cannot have, as long as the institution of marriage, and monogamy, exists. And there is another thing: most men do not want to marry their mistresses. It's not so much that they cannot divorce their wives, as that they do not wish to!**

## MAN WANTED. . .

2nd PRIZE

'The Surrogate Mother' ( . . . And Now Unwed Fathers. E. W. Nov. 22) may be a new phenomenon, but it should not come as a surprise. It is the result of, and a reaction to, Women's Liberation. Until recent times, men could enjoy the satisfactions of fatherhood without recognizing the existence, the rights and the demands of the wife — she was simply relegated to the background and reduced to a nonentity. No longer is this possible. Women are more aware now and, with their newly-found gains of independence and self-reliance, have shown men that they can bring up children single-handed. Indeed, while the idea of 'Surrogate Mothers' still remains in the realm of hypothesis, 'Surrogate Fathers' have become a fact of life. In Britain, a whole television series is based on this theme (Thames Television Series by Richard Waring, 'Miss Jones and Son'). The latest developments have set men thinking on new lines and the idea of Surrogate Mothers is a result of it.

Will this mean the end of the family as an institution? On the face of it, it may seem so, but I feel that this phenomenon has proved that paternity has more emotional content than has been believed. The family will continue to have meaning for those seeking shared experiences; it will have to co-exist with the single-parent pattern, male or female.

**LEELA RAMASWAMY, Bangalore**

**We are not quite as hopeful about the family's continuation as an institution — at least, not in its present form. Women, as you say, are getting more and more self-willed and independent and they may require a man —or his sperm — to father their children. But, from then on they are prepared to be both mother and father to their offspring, making use of a man only as they deem fit. How can the family survive under these circumstances?**

## WOMAN WANTED. . .

3rd PRIZE

Despite revolutionary social changes, the primary object of marriage still seems to be the procreation of children. Now comes the startling news that in Nebraska (U.S.A.) an attempt is being made to produce a 'sex-selected' son for a bachelor. The 'Surrogate' mother has been artificially inseminated with his sperm and will release custody of the child to the father.

The fact that men can now have children without a wife, may in time lead to the abolition of the custom of marriage. Women might lose the security which marriage offers, but they might also shed the slavery which marriage frequently brings. All this will make the fair sex more independent, self-reliant and self-confident. Woman will no longer be a 'better half' whose life is controlled by husband or in-laws. Society will accord her individual status and respect, something which, in many instances, is being withheld.

**B. G. LEELAVATHY DEVI, Secunderabad**

**And so to the men, but perhaps to a somewhat lesser degree. A man who "wants" a woman — any woman — merely to produce his child, and satisfy his paternal instincts, is a bit of a rarity. Sometimes we feel woman, in her anger and frustration, has left the man behind where it comes to really breaking social barriers.**

## SAVE (FOR) THE BRIDE

The advertisement for a leading bank advises you to save with them for your daughter's marriage, so that you can give her a lavish wedding. The ad. for some household appliance tells you to bless the bride with a gift she will always cherish. And yet another ad., sponsored by a 5-star hotel, says that they (the hotel) will give the bride a dream of a marriage if you go to them for arrangements.

These are just a few instances of ads which make much of giving the bride — not the bridegroom, mind you — a big wedding and a bigger dowry. And which, unwittingly maybe, give strength to the belief that a girl should be married off in style, with a lavish dowry, by prompting you to save for the occasion or choose an expensive gift. Or, if not strengthening, at least taking advantage of these beliefs?

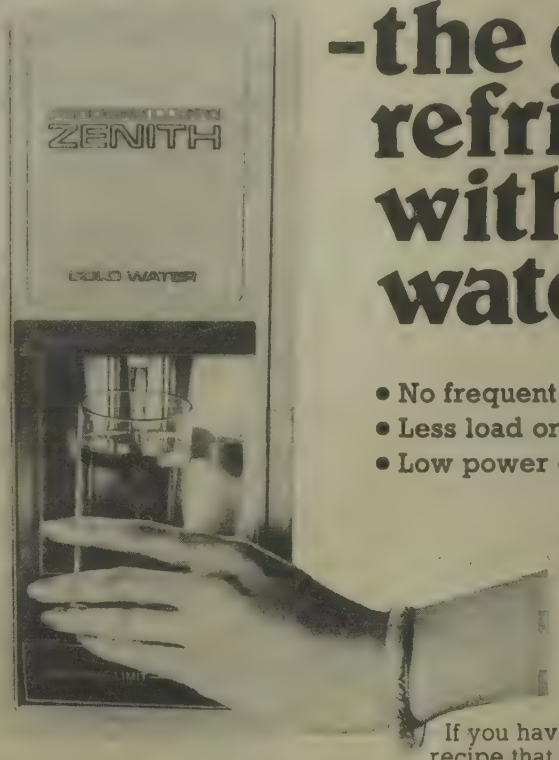
The harm that such ads do, especially now, when an anti-dowry drive is gaining momentum, is immeasurable. I, therefore, suggest a ban on all such ads, which make capital of judging a girl's worth in terms of money; or failing that, the advertisement should be re-worded so that the 'bride' is substituted by the 'bridegroom', thus showing that you should also save for your son, and not only your daughter!

**BEENU SETHI, Chandigarh**

**All these advertisements merely perpetuate the traditional belief about marriage being the 'be all and end all' of a woman's existence. The sooner advertising clients and their agencies put a stop to them, the better.**

FEDDERS LLOYD

# ZENITH

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**Stage I...Regionals**
Just describe the recipe in clear, simple language and mail your entry form (available from Zenith Dealers) to any of the four LSC Regional Centres. Depending on the description, 10 recipes will be selected and the entrants will be invited to prepare them for the judges. The following 3 prizes will be awarded at this stage, in each of the 4 Centres: Bombay, Calcutta, Delhi and Madras.

**First Prize:** Trip to Kashmir (all expenses paid) for two. Or, Rs. 3,000 in cash.

**Second Prize:** A 2-in-1 Cassette Recorder-cum-Radio. Or, Rs. 1,500 in cash.

**Third Prize:** A Digital Clock Radio. Or, Rs. 750 in cash.

**Stage II...Finals**
All these 12 prize winners will then be invited to Delhi (expenses paid) for a repeat performance of their recipes in a glittering function attended by distinguished invitees. And there, final winners will be chosen by a panel of judges for the following awards!

**First Prize:** Trip to Singapore (all expenses paid) for two. Or, Rs. 12,000 in cash.

**Second Prize:** A 165-litre ZENITH Refrigerator. Or, Rs. 5000 in cash.

**Third Prize:** A Standard Concepta Super Deluxe Television. Or, Rs. 3000 in cash.

**Free Recipe Book!**
All the recipes sent in will become the property of Lloyd Sales Corporation who are publishing a recipe book. And if your recipe is selected to feature in this Recipe Book along with your name and photograph, you will be presented with a free copy of it

Another way to receive a free copy of the Recipe Book would be to buy a Zenith before the Contest closes—and produce the receipt when the book is printed.

**Last date: 15th Jan. 1981**

**Visit the nearest Zenith Dealer or LSC office for more details**

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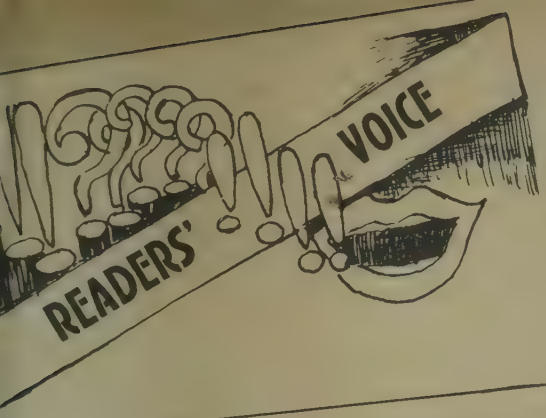



Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

### COOKING EQUALS DRUDGERY

I was ignorant of the fact that many women, like me, hated cooking. All around me were women engrossed in their kitchens, and I always felt guilty admitting that I was not interested in cooking. But your Special Issue, "I hate to cook" (November 1), has boosted my morale and now I can openly admit that I find cooking total drudgery! Thank you, Eve's Weekly.

**BINA, Jamnagar.**

### RELUCTANT COOK

Accept my heartiest congratulations on bringing out such a lively and interesting issue — your Special Issue, (November 1). Of all the articles, I liked "The Reluctant Cook," by Sherna Gandhy most as I could identity myself with the writer (reluctant cook that I am myself).

**USHA SASTRY, Pune.**

### INCOMPLETE REPORT?

The article on the women's film festival (November 8) by Gouri Salvi was an interesting coverage of the screenings and seminar on the theme, "Cinematic Images of the Indian Woman."

Yet I felt the article was incomplete as it had almost entirely overlooked/omitted the conception of the idea of the festival and the subsequent conducting of the seminar and film screenings.

It mentioned the Alliance Francaise de Delhi as the organizers but not M. Remy Durand, the director who had to approve of and sanction such a project; nor was there even a whisper about the man behind the scenes — M. Philippe Lenglet, a professor at the Alliance. The selfless interest and time devoted by a foreigner to bring Indian filmmakers and Indian women together with a view to spark off intellectual discussion and interaction between them to eventually lead to improving the image projected of the Indian woman on the screen, went unmentioned.

**P. M., Bombay.**

**Ed. Note:** All these details were covered in a report on the proposed film festival in our issue dated October 4, 1980.

### DEARTH OF DARING WOMEN

In the article "Just Friends" (November 8), Jyoti Jafa says that many married women today "put up for the night at a bachelor (male) friend's house, without caring a hang about wagging tongues or consequences." This is something I do not agree with. Though you do find a large number of Indian women having male friends, you'll rarely find a woman who would dare put up at a bachelor friend's house for the night! In fact, the number of such daring women is negligible in Indian society.

**ABHA CHOWDHARY, Bangalore.**

### IMPOSSIBLE TO BE JUST FRIENDS

Your article, "Just Friends" (November 8), by Jyoti Jafa, revealed nothing new and was also unrealistic. It is unnatural to presume that a healthy and virtuous friendship could be formed between a man and a married woman. No man tolerates his wife's involvement with another man. To start such a relationship would only mean misery. Mere friends do not stay that way for long because sex and the society get involved in the relationship, leading to secrecy and deceit.

**S.S. SODHI, Agra.**

ISSUE OF JANUARY 10

## WOMEN AND PREGNANCY

**With so many myths and fallacies floating around, it's difficult for a modern young woman experiencing her first pregnancy to know what advice to discard or follow. We help with the following informative articles in this special supplement.**

- **Drugs which should be avoided during pregnancy**
- **Facts one should know about the newborn baby**
- **Schooling oneself mentally and physically for pregnancy**
- **Myths and rituals connected with pregnancy**

**ALSO**

**A new column. Interviews with eminent doctors who speak with authority on one particular medical problem every month. Here, Dr. Nurgesh Motashaw discusses whether a woman in labour should be given anaesthetics to ease her pain.**

**WHAT AMERICANS EAT**

**Plus all our regular features.**

**"These Adivasi women have no sense of morality. . .they live at the lowest physiological level like animals. They want food, they want money, and they want the easiest way to get both. So they give themselves to any man."**

So spoke a social scientist in Ranchi. He had working for him an Adivasi girl who had run away from the sexual harassment of contractors who had been building a bridge in her village (the only source of employment there at the time). But for him this act was an exceptional impulse and the girl's "morality" was yet to be instilled — through strict tutoring, segregation from her people and unremitting watchfulness. "These blackies! What do they know of morality? They must be protected from themselves."

By Bihari standards he is a liberal social reformer. For most non-tribals, tribals are sub-human creatures, whose land is to be usurped, whose possessions are to be looted, who can with impunity be laughed at and pushed aside. A chance acquaintance told us this story over dinner:

While he was drinking tea at a small dhaba in a provincial town, a truck driver joined the customers. A few minutes later he went to his truck and called down one of the "reza" girls travelling with him: in front of the others he made her dance and sing and then began to kiss her. When one of the customers remonstrated, he said, "Oh this is an Adivasi."

Tribal women are molested, raped, beaten and discarded, used as a source of cheap labour and free sex. These conditions govern their lives not only in Bihar but also in other parts of India. Truckloads of them are sent regularly to Punjab, Delhi and Tripura to work as domestics or construction labourers, and are kept there as virtual slaves. Many have not been paid by their employers for years.

A racket of this nature was recently discovered by the Tripura government and the enslaved tribals were sent home. This is the first time official cognisance was taken of this evil. Bihar itself will probably be the last to follow. None of the officials we met showed any sympathy for the tribals; many of them actually denied incidents of rape, beating or molestation. Our police have already achieved a certain notoriety in acts of illegal detention and rape, but the number and frequency of their atrocities in tribal areas would probably achieve a place in the Guiness Book of Records (unless hundreds of women are lying, which seems unlikely).

The phrase "law and order" has a fearful sound in these areas; it is, under this phrase that Brahmins/Mahajans call in the CRP; it is under this phrase that protracted police atrocities devastate the countryside, destroying the last vestiges of the citizen's birth-right to live unmolested, protected by the law and the State.

Rape is one of the traditional means of repression (the others being plunder, arson and assault), but rape is qualitatively different from plunder, arson and assault. Where the latter three are directed against the entire community, rape is directed against one sex only, and at first sight it is difficult to understand why it is so widely practised when women have not been responsible for sparking off the incident.

One explanation for this use of rape lies in the ideology treasured by all patriarchal societies; women are raped to humiliate the community and this is an act against the men, through the women. They are the means of revenge, having traditionally been seen as belonging to the men like their fields, their houses, etc. Women are also objects with a difference— they can be dishonoured through no act of their own by rape, and this brings dishonour to the men, their families and the community.

This is the ideology behind the widespread use of rape by dominant communities to suppress the weak. However, in the Santhal Parganas there is another aspect of rape to be added: one which is linked to their sexual and cultural norms. Among the Santhals a certain freedom of sexual relationships exists within the community — premarital sex is accepted, divorce is fairly common and the care of the children is normally undertaken by the father, leaving the woman free to remarry. At the same time, relationships with outsiders — particularly non-tribals — are taboo, and the reaction to such relationships is violent within the community.

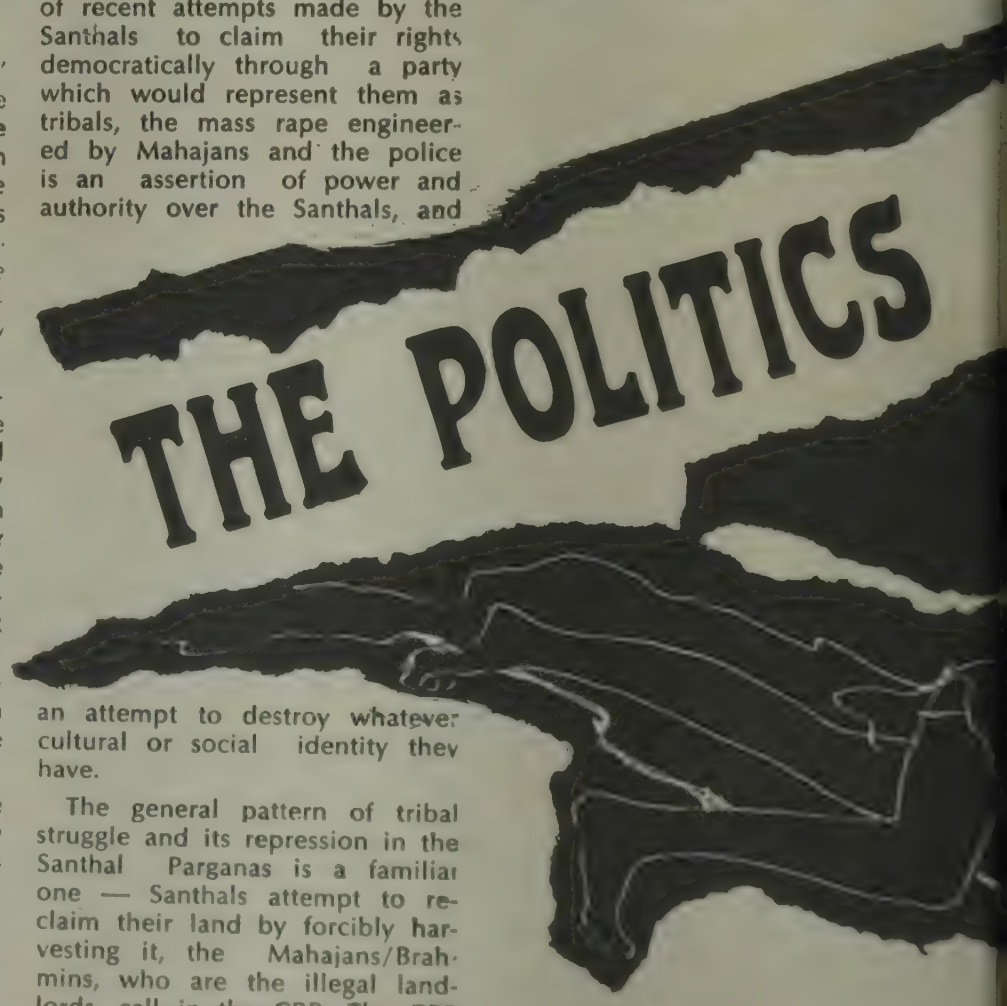
For the non-tribals, the conflict between this taboo and the freedom of tribal women within the community is a licence, particularly when seen through the spectrum of their contempt for tribals. Often the outlets are individual acts of rape, forced prostitution when the women are away from the villages, etc. But in situations of reprisal, mass rape is brutal and deliberate — an expression of their hatred for Santhals. In the face of recent attempts made by the Santhals to claim their rights democratically through a party which would represent them as tribals, the mass rape engineered by Mahajans and the police is an assertion of power and authority over the Santhals, and an attempt to destroy whatever cultural or social identity they have.

The general pattern of tribal struggle and its repression in the Santhal Parganas is a familiar one — Santhals attempt to reclaim their land by forcibly harvesting it, the Mahajans/Brahmins, who are the illegal landlords, call in the CRP. The CRP and the Mahajans follow the Santhals into their villages and embark on a grand campaign of plunder, arson and rape (in which the women bear the brunt of the attack as the men go into hiding).

One incident of the many occurring in 1978-79 best reveals the course these events take. The horror of what happened in Godda on March 17, 18 and 19, 1979, drives home the nature and extent of police brutality and their complicity with the upper castes of the Santhal Parganas.

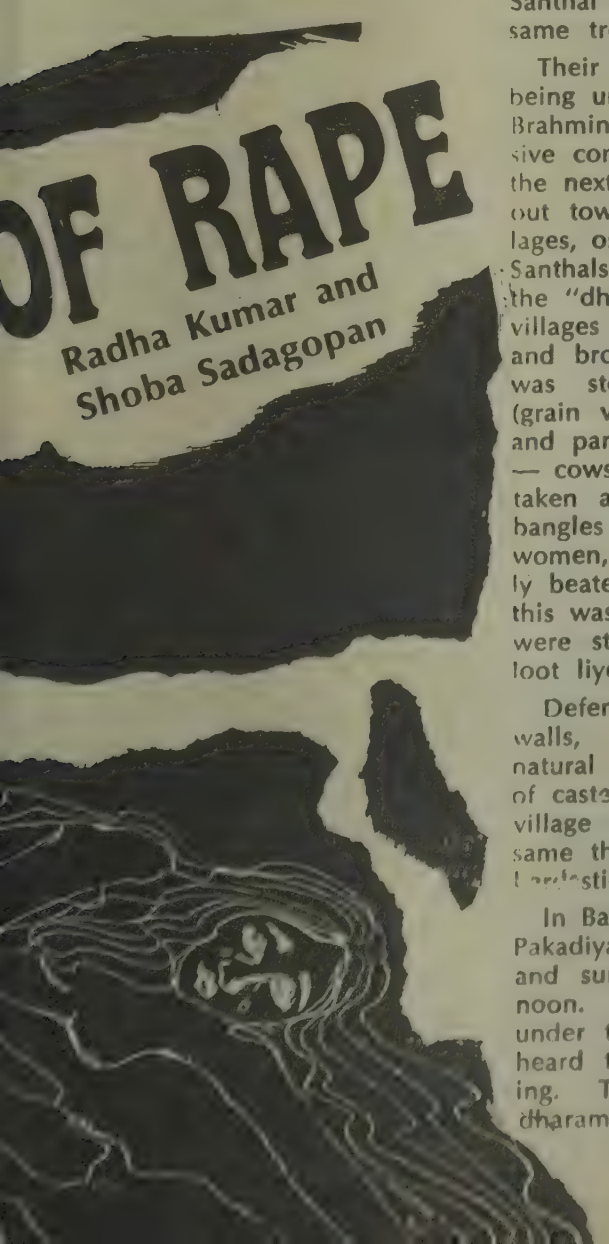
The initial act concerned two villages in Godda sub-division — Saraikitha and Pakadiya. But the reprisal that followed swept nine villages into the net of police terror. In Kerwar, Bakhadda, Phulwadiya, Gangarampur, Bishaha, Rajaon and Digghi too they tell a tale of bloody violence against women, who still today remain scared by the experience.

The incident that sparked off this particularly gruesome episode in Santhal history was a land dispute between Santhals and Brahmins in Pakadya. As elsewhere, over the years, the non-tribals had succeeded in taking over Santhal land and had leased it out for share-croping. The showdown was over one and a half bigas of land that belonged to the Santhals, but was claimed by the Brahmins. It had been cultivated by Harijan share-croppers. The land itself was in Saraikitha, bordering Pakdiya.



# OF RAPE

Radha Kumar and
Shoba Sadagopan



On March 16, 1979, at about 7 a.m. both groups turned up for the harvesting — the Santhals with the Harijans, and the Brahmins with a police escort of one havaldar and five cops. Despite the police presence, the Santhals, with the help of the Harijans, began to cut the standing crop. The police party tried to intimidate the tribals, who stood their ground. It is worth noting at this point that the police had come from Vasantrai outpost without a warrant, in fact, without any official orders as the SDO was then absent from Godda. Even so, they fired upon the Santhals. An 11-year-old child looked up in wonder at the whizzing bullet and saw two of his fingers fly off. When one man had been killed and several wounded, the Santhals fled. The village drummers quickly set up an alarm. As the word spread, the Santhals, who had re-assembled at a distance of two miles from the scene of the firing, began to form a procession armed with the only weapons at their disposal — the traditional bow and arrow. In the meantime the police had found vantage points on the roof tops of the Brahmin houses and were firing at everyone in sight. In all 70-80 shots were reportedly fired.

By the evening all Pakadiya was ablaze. To vent their fury against the Harijans for having sided with the Santhals, the Brahmins allegedly set fire to the Harijan basti and then set fire to their own homes, claiming that the Santhals had done it with flaming arrows. The Santhals say that this was not possible as their bows and arrows have a range of only 150 yards, whereas their men were two miles away. The Harijans also allege that their houses were burnt by the Brahmins.

Then began the familiar pattern of police reprisal, an operation which stretched over three days.

In the early hours of the 17th CRP trucks began to rumble towards Pakadiya from the Pathargama police station. More trucks were seen coming from Godda at 7 - 8 a.m. By 9 a.m. a massive police force had assembled at Pakadiya, which is accessible by road. Though the Santhals by this time had run away, the Harijans were still there. Many of them were badly beaten, the little property they had salvaged from the fire was looted, and the charred floors of their houses were dirtied with urine and ordure by the police and by the Brahmins who had accompanied them. The empty Santhal houses were given the same treatment.

Their thirst for vengeance still being unsatisfied, the police and Brahmins set out on an extensive combing operation. Over the next three days they fanned out towards the adjoining villages, ostensibly in search of the Santhals who had taken part in the "dhan-kata". In all the nine villages every house was looted and broken into, all the grain was stolen, and the kuchati (grain vessels) scattered. Pots and pans and domestic livestock — cows, pigs and goats — were taken away. Nose rings and bangles were stripped off the women, who were systematically beaten, regardless of age. But this was not the only thing they were stripped of — "izzat bhi loot liye..."

Defenceless inside their mud walls, Santhal women are the natural victims of the arrogance of caste Hindus. From village to village every woman says the same thing, "Be-izzati kiya, zab-[illegible]sti-kiya."

In Bakhadda, about 4 km from Pakadiya, 150 CRP jawans came and surrounded the village at noon. Women had gathered under the peepul tree, having heard that the CRP were coming. The jawans asked, "Kya dharamshala hai?" swaggering up to the women. Within a minute, all hell had broken loose; pouncing upon the women, the CRP savagely beat them. Only in two houses were the women indoors; the CRP entered, bolted the doors and raped them.

A woman with a new born baby in her arms had the baby snatched from her and thrown aside. She was asked to strip or face the consequences. When she refused, they shoved lathis in her private parts and four of them raped her. Another woman was alone with her new born child at home when the CRP men burst in. The men grabbed her, saying, "Saraikitha mein loot kar ke aye ho?" The woman pleaded that she couldn't possibly have done so with a suckling infant at her breast. But the CRP men insisted that she confees that she had been at Saraikitha. She was repeatedly beaten. The tragedy does not end here; in the melee created by the CRP men, her 8 year-old daughter disappeared. For eight days, the woman wandered the neighbouring hills and fields, dementedly searching for her daughter...

When asked if anything had been done by the government about this she said, "Ayega kaun? Saab kahta hai, 'Santhal ko maro, bandook se maro'."

The only people to visit her were the money-lenders, who came two months later when the men had been released from prison. They demanded money from the Santhals and threatened to have more cases registered against them if they didn't. "We will burn your houses." they added.

The pattern of rape and torture repeats in every house and village. Sometimes it is a 14-year-old daughter, sometimes it is a pregnant woman. In general, four to five men would raid a house, and take turns at raping the woman, while others were busy looting whatever grain or cash or valuables they could find. The raid would usually last for 3-4 hours before the men went to the next village. It is uncertain as to how many men were involved: most of the villages say that about 200 odd men had raided the village.

Vinoti Devi was beaten so badly that she had continuous fever for three months after the raid. The milk dried up in her breasts and her baby had to drink water. The child, now one year old, is very weak and can hardly crawl.

The Deputy Commissioner of the district who arrived at Pakadiya as soon as he heard of the incident, called off the CRP and ordered an enquiry which was conducted by the Pariyojana officer N. Balgovind from April 4 to 6. The findings of the report clearly state that the police had looted and raped in these nine villages. As for the question of the burning of the houses, the officer said that since the police had driven the Santhals out of Saraikitha, it was not possible for them to have done it. He added that the Harijans said that it was the Brahmins who set fire to their houses. Despite the damning nature of the evidence in this report, no action was taken. Instead, the D.C., Mr. Chhotrai, who had ordered the report, was transferred shortly after, and replaced by a man noted for his right-wing sympathies.

Clearly in this region there is one law alone by which officials abide — non-tribal vs. tribal. Why else are so many CRP men stationed in the area? How is it that the money-lenders can summon them to their assistance, and in such numbers? Finally, the relationship between Mahajans and the CRP is revealed by the fact that a dozen Mahajans were recognised in CRP uniform by the villagers whom they had attacked.

"My dear young ladies, this is a common practice in the Force: Informers are allowed to wear police uniform on such occasions for their own safety," we were assured by the new D.C., Mr. Raj Dev Narain Singh. Informers? Can the landlords and moneylenders who precipitated the Pakadiya incident be graced by such an innocuous title?

Mr. Singh's further remarks clarified the situation for us. "There are no atrocities in the Santhal Parganas... if you break my head, I'll break yours... if you don't give me elbow room I'll call in the police. That is my right."

Whose right, we wondered. At no point has the police been known to have intervened to stop land being alienated from the tribals. At no point have they defended them from the wrath of the landlords. Rather, they acted to defend the illegalities of the non-tribal aggressors

For those of us who go to the area in the hope of finding "justice," "democracy," etc., the administration has a simple message:

"Go back to your homes, young ladies, this is not a safe place for you.."

**Based on a paper presented at the National Conference on "A Perspective for a Women's Liberation Movement in India" held in Bombay in November 1980.**

WOMEN IN CHINA

# AHEAD OF THEIR

**Mythily Sivaraman**

It is quite obvious that Chinese women have never had any exposure to Western feminism; that the whole galaxy of feminist celebrities — Frieden, Firestone, Steinham, Millett and a host of others — are strangers to them. Yet, talking to a peasant woman in a commune, to a factory worker educated in night schools, to a young University graduate in Beijing, I was deeply impressed by their self-confidence, the sense of their own worth born out of the distinct social role they have independent of their familial status. I could detect no trace of diffidence, no subconscious feeling of inferiority in their words or deeds.

Considering what an average woman of China was like only three decades ago, a total nonentity gaining a semblance of social status solely by mothering a son, her bound feet symbolic of her crippled personality, the woman of today's China has definitely "arrived" in a modern sense. "Noodles are not rice, women are not human beings," said a popular proverb of yesteryear. The sayings of today are: "What a man can do, a woman can do" and "Women hold up half the sky" — reflective of the radically altered reality of women's lives at present.

There is perhaps no single group of Chinese people who gained so much from the revolution of 1949 as did its women. Laws were passed overnight to put an end to evil social customs like child betrothal, forced marriages, concubinage, prostitution and so on. More significantly, conditions essential for their implementation were sought to be created by wiping out poverty, launching massive literacy campaigns and enabling women to enter social production en masse. The impact of these measures is so pronounced that any visitor to China, especially from India, with an open mind cannot but be impressed by Chinese women.

Women are highly visible in China — bicycling in the busy streets, driving buses, climbing electric posts to do repairs, checking tickets in trains, guiding visitors to public places of interest, serving in restaurants; in villages, considered to be the bastion of conservatism the world over, women can be seen leading production brigades consisting of hundreds of families!

The word "housewife" is fast becoming an anachronism in China. There is no woman in China who spends a lifetime wedded to the kitchen. Every adult woman is engaged in socially productive work. Even the grandmothers I met had useful work to do outside of their own families, helping in the common kitchen, keeping the neighbourhood clean and caring for the children of others. Incredible as it may sound to the working women in India who find that they have to switch from one role to another and become full-time housewives after 5 p.m., household chores in China are, in a majority of cases, shared by the entire family — husbands included. Boys and girls are taught from childhood to respect house work and to share it.

But women in China have not yet reached a level equal to that of the man. Despite the great strides already made — especially the gaining of economic independence — there is still quite some way to go. The All-China Women's Federation admits that women lag behind in technology and higher education and says that sustained efforts are being made to narrow the gap. Such efforts are visible, impressive and very encouraging. Communes run rural technical schools in which young women are encouraged to participate in large numbers. In one such school that I visited, 43 per cent of the students were women. In the children's palace at Shanghai I found boys and girls in equal proportion, working away in its science laboratories and workshops. In the many schools of China I saw attractive colour posters showing little girls sitting and dreaming of their future — flying airplanes, exploring space and reaching out to the stars. Girls are trained young to aspire high and to want to break out of the centuries-old sexual division of labour that kept women at the bottom.

"Which do you want — career or a happy family life?" is how the issue of woman's economic participation is posed in India. The two are regarded mutually incompatible. A woman can normally opt for the former only at the cost of a life-long guilty

conscience. Wondering if a similar conflict existed for the Chinese women I asked if they felt bad about leaving their small babies and young children at the creches. "Why should we?" they asked puzzled. "They are taken better care of at the nurseries by well-trained people than they would be by us. They are taught to be self-reliant very early and they grow up friendly and at ease with everyone."

vociferous in their greetings to a strange "aunty" like me. The bigger kids sang and danced for us to rhymes on practical themes like why we should not waste food or time without any trace of shyness. The teachers glowed with parental pride.

Marriage by free will, by the mutual choice of the young people concerned, seems to be the common pattern in China today. The age-old custom of the bride

ment of women by husbands and in-laws in our society — was the way in which such conflicts were resolved in China. I was told that the women's association at the neighbourhood level received complaints from women, made investigations, held meetings with concerned people, individually and collectively, with a view to making them realise their own shortcomings and invariably found a

we sat in the brigade's office-room and listened to Cheng explain the workings of the commune, her husband, an employee of the same brigade, poured our tea and attended to callers. Neither Cheng nor her husband seemed to be particularly conscious of the reversal of the traditional roles!

A unique aspect of the life-style of Chinese women, it seemed to me, was their healthy unconcern with and a certain casualness in their approach to clothes and appearance. No one I saw — not even the air hostesses on China's international air lines — betrayed the slightest hint of make-up or perfume or wore clothes that could be considered fashionable. All women were adequately clothed. No one could be spotted in rags or without footwear, but there was no one really all "dolled up." Their attitude to clothes seemed eminently practical and sensible. The basic approach to clothing was obviously not to attract attention or provoke or show off but simply to feel comfortable. Still, colours and variety were not totally missing. Gay and bright coloured sweaters, embroidered in silver thread, printed corduroy coats and jackets, and lovely cotton prints were all to be seen — particularly those worn by younger women in warmer climate. Yet, the predominant impression was that women dressed simply and functionally.

All this, I could not help feeling, was a significant element, a factor in the women's ongoing struggle for liberation and equality. The constant pressure exerted on women by the mass media and makers of cosmetics and clothes to foster the "feminine mystique," to degrade womanhood to the level of an object to be desired and possessed by a man, was mercifully absent in China.

A woman in China, like a man, is judged and valued for her abilities, learning, character and such other; she is therefore able to develop these without being diverted by other "feminine" and enormously time-consuming, diversionary obsessions.

Today, there seems to be no doubt that the Chinese women are well ahead of their sisters not merely in the Third World but even in the advanced West as well, in the quest for liberation and equality. That this should have been accomplished in such a short time is a tribute to the Government that came to power in China in the wake of a tremendous social upheaval two years after India became independent.

**CONSIDERING WHAT AN AVERAGE WOMAN OF CHINA WAS LIKE ONLY THREE DECADES AGO — A TOTAL NONENTITY GAINING A SEMBLANCE OF SOCIAL STATUS SOLELY BY MOTHERING A SON — THE WOMAN OF TODAY'S CHINA HAS DEFINITELY "ARRIVED" IN THE MODERN SENSE**

At every work site, be it a factory, an office, a school or a farm — and in the neighbourhoods as well — there were nurseries for toddlers and kindergartens for children up to six years. The little ones, so obviously well-fed and well-padded — to withstand the bitter cold of a winter that was on its last lap — were a sight to see — delightfully mischievous at times, tackling a bowl of noodles and meat with chopsticks with an air of solemnity,

moving to the groom's residence is yielding place to more flexible arrangements, according to the needs of the situation. For instance, if the bride's parents do not have a son, the bride and her husband are encouraged to stay with them. This is no longer considered unseemly for the bridegroom or a matter of shame to his family.

What attracted my attention most — in the light of the increasing revelations of harass-

# SISTERS

way out. "Our women consider the women's association as their mother's home," said one of its cadres proudly. I could see why they would.

The Chinese attitude that no woman should be left to cope with her problem all on her own — be it a nagging mother-in-law, an inconsiderate husband, a child to be cared for or even her own ill-health — as they are socially derived and as such become the legitimate concern of society as a whole, is most commendable.

It was not uncommon, I found, for women to earn more than their husbands and to occupy higher positions. Cheng Wu Wing, a plantation worker I met in a commune near Hangzhou, was elected leader of a brigade consisting of 250 families. While

# The Return Of Sati

- **29 February 1980. Nimdi, Rajasthan :** Sugan Kanwar, 62, climbs on to her husband funeral pyre and commits sati.
- **19 August 1980. Seeh Palson, Uttar Pradesh :** Hardevi, 35, burns herself on her husband's pyre.
- **30 August 1980. Jahdli, Rajasthan :** Om Kanwar, 16, is reduced to ashes together with her husband's corpse.
- **2 December 1980. Delhi :** 108 women, dressed as brides, take out a procession in honour of the legendary Rani Sati.

**Are the embers of this ghastly social evil, officially banned nearly 150 years ago, on the verge of being rekindled? Our cover story reveals some startling facts.**

### *Sati: Going Places*
Did you know that, in different forms sati has been practised in many parts of the world?

### *Myths And Legends*
Did you know that while the fire rages around a sati, she remains ice-cold?

### *How Sati Was Banned*
Did you know that Lord Bentinck had to consult the Sepoys of the Bengal Rifles, before abolishing sati?

### *The Sati Queens*
Did you know that 11,000 women committed sati on the death of a South Indian Raja?

### *Sati Is Big Business*
Did you know that every sati site turns into a country fair?

### *The Legend Of Rani Sati*
Did you know the complete story of the only virgin to have committed sati?

ALL THIS AND MORE IN

# MIRROR

JANUARY 1981

# Children IN THE 1980's

**THE WORLD IS AN UGLY PLACE FOR POOR CHILDREN OF THE DEVELOPING WORLD TO BE BORN INTO, BUT THERE IS SOME HOPE THAT THE CONCENTRATED EFFORT FOR IMPROVEMENT MADE BY U.N. ORGANISATIONS AND OTHERS WILL BEAR FRUIT IN THE '80s**

**Joan Bel Geddes**

What future can today's children look forward to? Will they even live long enough to have a future?

Three-quarters of them live in developing countries under conditions of staggering hardship.

Out of every 20 children born in these countries this year, three are going to die before the year is over, and one more will die before his or her fifth birthday. No future for them, obviously.

Of the 16 out of 20 who survive, three or four can look forward to severe malnutrition at some time during early childhood, and about eight will also almost certainly suffer during childhood from a serious disease which may leave them with permanent damage (crippling, blindness or mental retardation).

If present conditions continue, only half of these children will ever get any schooling, and only half of those who do will complete elementary school or go on to any kind of advanced education.

In short, the vast majority of the children born in 1980 face short, hard lives trapped in poverty, hunger, illness, ignorance, despair and defeat.

Furthermore, the world we live in today is undergoing so many startling changes that parents and teachers hardly know how to prepare the children who will manage to survive for the kind of world they will know as adults. Scientific, technological, political, economic, psychological, cultural and ethical changes are altering society so rapidly and fundamentally that the whole world seems to be in a state of "future shock." Increasing uncertainty, conflict, violence and destructiveness characterize modern life.

Fortunately, however, this is **not** the whole story.

If we concentrate on the gruelling poverty, unjust inequalities and frightening tensions that afflict society today, it is easy to be so horrified that we become overwhelmed, and paralyzed. But if we calmly take a longer look, we can see some encouraging trends that indicate progress and give us reasons for hope.

For example...

## LIFE EXPECTANCY

At first glance, the statistics are tragic. There is a 32-year difference, depending on where a baby is born. In the developed countries, the average baby born this year can be expected to live 72 years. In Latin America, the average is ten years less — 62; in Asia, only 57, in Africa, only 46 years; and in some of the least developed countries, less than 40.

However, bad these discrepancies are, these figures show that there has been world-wide progress in the 20th century, because as recently as the 1930s the average life expectancy at birth in the less developed regions was only 32. In **all** areas of the world, life expectancy has increased by about 10 years in the past quarter century.

## INFANT MORTALITY

Again, there is wide variation. In developed countries, on the average, out of every 1,000 babies born about 20 die during their first year (only nine in Sweden), whereas in less developed parts of the world it is estimated that, out of 1,000 babies, 113 to 140 die, more than six times as many. And in a few of the least developed countries the figure rises to 200.

But again, tragic as these facts are, they do represent world-wide progress, because back in the year 1900, out of every 1,000 children born alive, 75 died in the developed countries and 265 in the least developed.

For the first time in history there are now more children of primary school age in school than out of school. Nearly a third of the children in developing countries are still unable to go to school, but another way of looking at that is that two-thirds of them **are** now in school. Between 1960 and 1975 primary school enrolment in developing countries doubled.

Discrimination against girls is decreasing. In 1960, only 16 per cent of girls of primary school age were enrolled in school in developing countries, but in 1975 there were 41 per cent — still not enough, but a great improvement.

Adult literacy is also increasing. In 1970, the number of people who knew how to read and write in the world's less developed regions was 613 million. By 1980 it had grown to 759 million. By 1990 it is expected that it will be 898 million.

## WATER AND SANITATION

Only about 20 per cent of the children who live in rural areas in developing countries have access to an adequate supply of safe, clean water — and lack of water and sanitation accounts for **most** of the contagious diseases that afflict children. Here too, however, there has been improvement in the past decade.

## REASONS FOR FEAR—AND FOR HOPE

So the true picture of today's (and tomorrow's) world is neither all ugly nor all beautiful; it is mixed. There are terrible problems and injustices, and millions

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## CHILDREN IN THE 1980's

of innocent vulnerable children suffer as a result. But aid to the poor is not money down the drain. It does produce results. We should be cheered. But, also, we dare not become complacent; we must **keep it up.**

In his General Progress Report to UNICEF's Executive Board in 1979, Henry R. Labouisse, the executive Director of UNICEF, took a look backward at the last decade and a look ahead at the next one, and described this mixed picture, saying:

"While the situation of children in the developing world remains deeply unsatisfactory and often tragic, it has nonetheless improved over the past fifteen years, even in low income countries. There is no valid reason why the improvement could not be accelerated, and we must do everything in our power toward this goal. The scientific, technical and organizational means are known and proven. . .A number of new channels of resources appear to be opening. . .Programmes will have to be prepared with great care in order to reap the full benefit from new approaches. And of course more commitments to action and greater resources are and will be needed."

It will take determination and co-operation, intelligent, concerted, practical efforts to make this world a safe and happy place for children to be born into. But, fortunately, in spite of all the world's sceptics, cynics, alarmists and escapists, there are many people who are committed to continuing to work hard toward this goal. Determination is increasing as more and more people become more and more aware of what needs to be done and of how to do it.

## THE 1970s: A DECADE OF UNDERSTANDING

In a year-end report on the International Year of the Child (1979), Peter Adamson, a consultant for UNICEF, called the 1970s "The Decade of Understanding." He wrote:

"An understanding of the problems which face the developing world's children is a precondition of their resolution. And it could be argued that during the 1970s the world community has increased its understanding and awareness of global problems more than in any other decade of history."

He cited the first-ever international conference held during the 1970s, on environment, on population, on human settlements, on women, on water, on health care, on science and technology. And he added:

"What has been wrung out of them represents the most intense process of global learning about global problems ever seen. . .

"In future, the deepening of understanding of the complex and inter-related problems of development may help to avoid the simplistic approaches which have been partly responsible for failures in the past. As a result of the 1970s, the world community

will never again blithely assume that **environment** is a limitless resource-store or an all-absorbing disposal mechanism;

will not continue to see **population growth** as a crime committed by the poor and to which contraceptive technology is the only answer;

will not be able to ignore the rights and the potential of the world's **women;**

will not analyse world **hunger** only in terms of stockpiles or miracle seeds;

will not so readily deal with the problems of **slums and homelessness** by bulldozing squatter settlements to make way for high-rise tenements;

will not automatically interpret the promotion of **health** as a need solely for more hospitals and doctors;

and will not complacently assume that **the division of the world into a rich minority and a poor majority** is an acceptable and sustainable state of affairs.

**"These are the beginnings of major changes** and, whilst being neither perfectly understood nor universally accepted, could nonetheless **pave the way for practical improvements in the lives of the world's children in the remainder of this century."**

## GOALS FOR THE 1980s

Specific goals have been established for the next ten and twenty years. The World Health Organisation and UNICEF are striving to achieve **"Health For All by the Year 2000".** By this they do not mean that nobody in the world will ever be ill or disabled in the next century, but that there will be sufficient health services to make possible "the attainment by all peoples of the world by the year 2000 of a level of health that will permit them to lead a socially and economically productive life." This goal has been endorsed by 134 nations.

The strategy agreed on to make this goal attainable is the Primary Health Care approach which emphasizes simple basic health services, active community participation, and low-cost preventive health care for the many rather than high-cost specialised curative medicine for the few.

The World Health Organisation has also established a specific goal for the year 1990: "EPI" — its Expanded Immunization Programme — is working to provide **immunization services** for every child in the world **by 1990.** Following upon the magnificent achievement of the '70s — the eradication of the ancient scourge of smallpox all over the world — the intention is now to wipe out forever six other contagious diseases which at present kill or disable 10 million children every year — diphtheria, measles, pertussis (whooping cough), poliomyelitis and tuberculosis. All of these diseases can be prevented by immunization, at a cost of approximately $3.00 per child.

**"Safe Water and Sanitation for all by 1990"** is another goal of the United Nations. If this target can be reached it means that 80 per cent of the infectious diseases that now afflict children will be eliminated. It is an ambitious goal, and will require a total investment of approximately $5,000 million a year for ten years. But governments are being urged to give this a high priority in their budgets, not only because it would have such a beneficial effect on child health but also because water supply and sanitation projects are an extremely effective "leading edge" that opens the way to increased community participation in all development activities.

Because of steadily rising inflation, it is difficult to estimate future costs of services for children. Many governments may have to make drastic cuts in their budgets. This makes it more important than ever to concentrate on the **basic services approach** which emphasizes low-cost community-based projects, instead of relying on imported sophisticated technology and highly trained personnel. It also reinforces the need for PSC (Project Support Communications) which reaches out to the general public in innovative ways to make the average person more aware of what each one individually can do to improve his/her own and his/her family's health and nutrition.

Whether or not the world community will succeed in meeting its 1990 targets by 1990 we do not know. But we know that it is worthwhile to try.

Deploring deplorable facts does not change them, any more than refusal to face facts does. But **doing** something to change them **does** produce changes. If we cannot solve **all** problems this does not mean that we cannot solve **some** problems.

What must always be remembered about the future is that it is not something independent "out there" somewhere, waiting to pounce on us. The future is in our own hands, entirely dependent on us, because it is we who create it. It is neither a curse which will suddenly attack the world like a destructive tornado nor a blessing which will magically appear, handing us utopia on a silver platter. It is something we ourselves are producing right now, and we — not a blind, inexorable, impersonal fate — are deciding what it will be like. If we do other things, other results will follow.

For example, if we feed children enough nourishing food, they will not suffer or die from malnutrition. If we don't they will. If we educate children they will not grow up ignorant. If we don't they will.

It's as simple as that.

PART ONE

# the mystery at gul mohar

A Novel For Children

**Vernon Thomas**

KANCHRAPARA is situated about forty-six kilometres away from Calcutta, which is a journey of about an hour by train. It is a busy station, housing a large Railway Workshop, where locomotives are repaired, and where employment is provided for a great number of the local people.

The railway lines divide Kanchrapara roughly into half. On one side stretches the Railway Colony, consisting of picturesque houses, narrow concrete roads, and the sights and sounds of the countryside. Here, flowers grow according to the seasons. The notes of several types of Indian birds fill the air. Squirrels chatter, frogs croak and nature displays herself in all her greenery.

On the other side, lies the town itself — made up of shops, buildings, a market place; and the hustle and bustle of urban life, as in any other small town in India today.

However, it began on the Railway Colony side of Kanchrapara, on a morning in early June. The monsoons were late that year, so the sky was cloudless. The sun shone bright and hot. Not a wisp of air stirred the leaves of the trees, as the Lalgola Passenger steamed into Kanchrapara Station.

There were not many people to alight from the train, and the platform was also quite deserted. So hardly anyone noticed the young girl who got down, tugging along a large canvas bag. She was wearing a flowered frock; her hair was neatly tied in plaits, and she had spread her handkerchief over her head to protect her from the fierce rays of the sun.

The face beneath the handkerchief was a pleasant one. The girl had large brown eyes and a well-shaped nose. She was about twelve — a bit tall for her age — and thin. She had wheat complexion, and, at that moment, a troubled look.

And young Rita Roy had every reason to look troubled. She felt quite alone. This was her first visit to Kanchrapara; and she had made the latter portion of the journey on her own. The lady teacher from the Orphanage, who had accompanied her as far as Barrackpore, had got down to visit some friends there, on the understanding that there would be someone to meet Rita at her destination.

Rita was to spend the last fortnight of her summer holidays with her Uncle Sunil and his wife, Aunt Sheela, who lived in the Railway Colony at Kanchrapara. Uncle Sunil was her mother's brother.

But Rita was not too pleased at the idea of visiting her uncle and aunt. She hardly knew them. In all her years at the Orphanage, Uncle Sunil and Aunt Sheela had visited her only once. The person who used to see her regularly had been her grandmother — her Didima who died three months ago.

Strange that Aunt Sheela should have invited her at this late stage, Rita had often thought. During Didima's lifetime when she had longed to be invited, she had never been.

Of course, Aunt Sheela had apologised for this in her letter. She had written:

"I am sorry, dear, that we have neglected to invite you all this while. But now that your Didima is no more, I really must. So please do come and spend a part of your summer holidays with us at Gul Mohar."

In spite of this, Rita had wanted to refuse. She would much rather have stayed at the Orphanage with the nuns, who had taken her over some years back as there had been no one to look after her, when her parents had died in an accident.

But Sister Mary had insisted on her going.

So here she was now! With no one to meet her!

Aunt Sheela **should** have sent someone to the station, Rita thought. She looked around anxiously, waited for a while, then decided to make the journey on her own.

Walking to the end of the platform, she crossed the railway lines and headed for the cycle-rickshaw stand.

"How much will you charge to take me to Gul Mohar on Fifth Avenue?" she asked one driver.

"Ghose Sahib's house?" the man answered promptly. "Fifty paise."

Rita searched in her pocket, found she had the required fare and got in, feeling a bit relieved. At least, there was someone to show her the way.

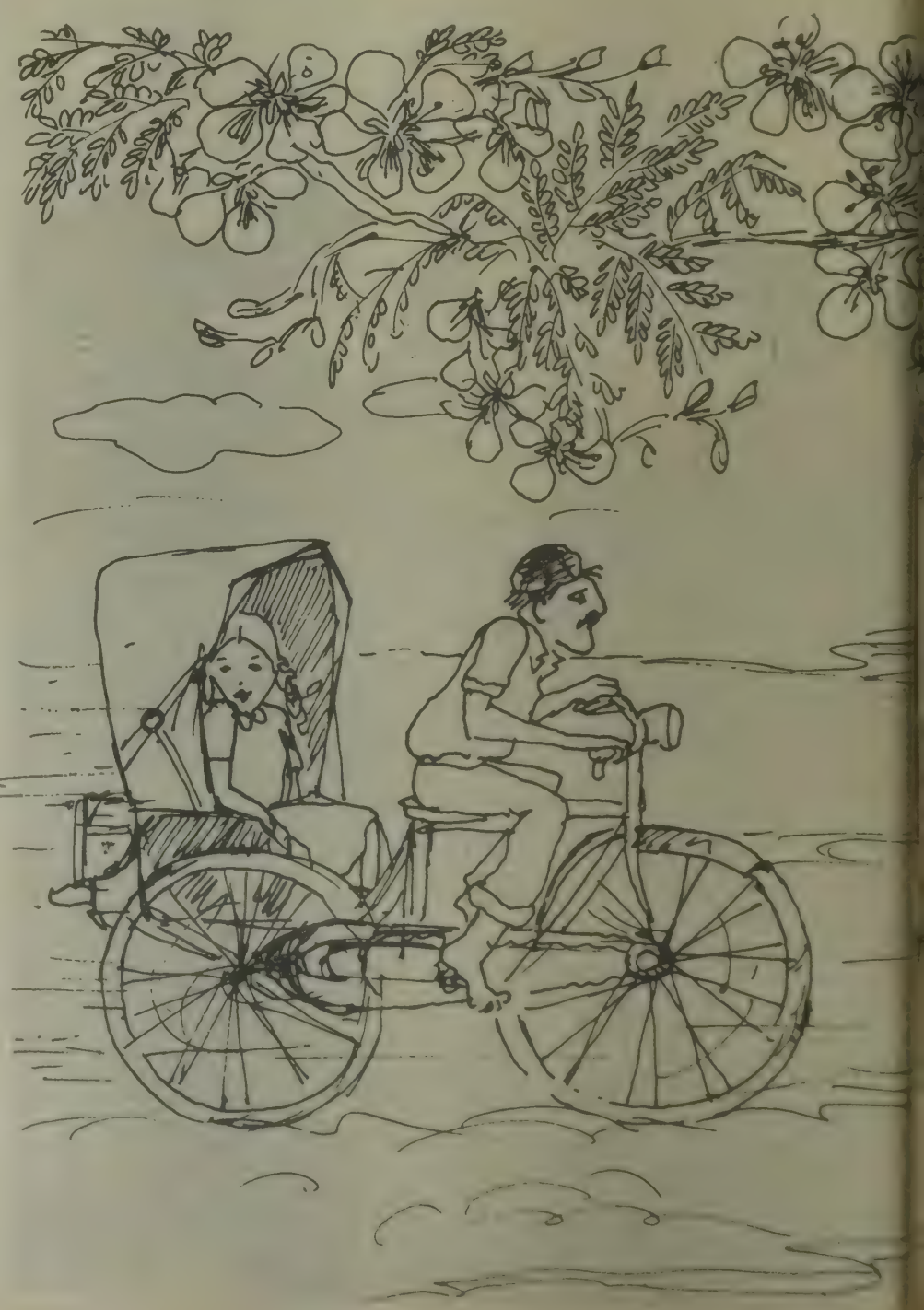
As she sped along, she kept wondering why no one had come to meet her.

Gul Mohar was the fifth house on Fifth Avenue. It was a bungalow type of house, of dull red brick — like many of the old houses in the Railway Colony. It lay in the middle of spacious grounds, fenced in on all sides. Two wicket gates — one at the front and the other at the rear — complete with pink bougainvillea arches, completed the picture of a comfortable up-country establishment.

Gul Mohar took its name from two gulmohar trees, situated on either side of the front drive, which when in full bloom, during the months of April and May, would turn the lawn into a flame coloured carpet of red flowers.

The family at Gul Mohar consisted of four — Uncle Sunil, Aunt Sheela, and their two sons, Babloo and Bapi — the pet names for Kamal and Tamal — aged ten and eight respectively. In the servants' quarters at the back lived the cook-cum-bearer, Lakshman, and the gardener, Jagoo.

Aunt Sheela was seated on the front verandah, cleaning some rice, when the cycle-rickshaw drew up. She was a stout woman in her late thirties, with a



sallow complexion and slightly greying hair. She had beady eyes and fine lips, which folded into a firm lines as she observed her niece dismount.

However, her expression changed the moment Rita started to walk up the front drive.

"My dear child!" Aunt Sheela cried, as she hurried down the three steps to meet her. "I'm so pleased to see you. But where are the boys? I sent them to meet you."

Rita kissed her aunt's cheek politely before replying.

"There was no one to meet me at the station, Aunty. I came on my own."

"No one to meet you! But I sent those boys for you. They must have forgotten. They must be playing somewhere. Wait till they return! I'll give them a good telling off."

Grumbling a bit, she climbed the steps again.

Rita followed.

"I have put you with the boys," Aunt Sheela said, as they came into the sitting-room. "I think you will find that better than staying on your own in your Didima's room."

"Oh, but I'd love to stay in Didima's room!" Rita cried. She stopped short, noticing a peculiar expression cross her aunt's face. It was gone in a flash, and she was smiling again, but it caused Rita to wonder a bit.

"No, dear, I think you will be better off with the boys. It can get rather lonely here in the nights. And, in a room all by yourself, you might be afraid," Aunt Sheela explained.

Satisfied that her aunt was not displeased, Rita let other things claim her attention. The sitting-room was colourful. She was delighted with the flowered curtains on the windows, the scarlet coverings of the sofa set, the vivid hues of the multi-coloured cushions.

And later, in the bedroom, when she went to put away her things, she was impressed by the neatness: three identical beds in a row, covered with blue-checked counterpanes.

All so pretty! She was not used to such luxury. Rita sighed. Once she got used to the inmates she would be truly happy in this house, she decided.

In the bathroom she washed her face and changed into a green poplin frock. She combed out her pigtails and went into the dining room.

Aunt Sheela was pouring tea at the sideboard.

"My dear, how pretty you are!" she exclaimed, as Rita came in. "You remind me so much of your mother. Come along and have something to eat now. You must be hungry."

Rita sat down at the table and helped herself to a hot singara. Her aunt joined her with teacups, and the two of them chatted while they ate. The conversation was all about school.

Then the wail of a siren suddenly sent Aunt Sheela scurrying.

"Dear me, I must hurry!" she explained, as she went about setting plates. "That's the lunch break at the Workshop. Your uncle will be here any moment now. We have an early lunch hour, you know. Ten-thirty!"

Uncle Sunil arrived about five minutes later — a tall man, wearing horn-rimmed spectacles. He had a hooked nose and a deep voice.

"Hello, Rita! Goodness, how you've grown!' he remarked, tweaking Rita's hair in greeting. "When did you arrive?"

"About an hour back," Aunt Sheela mentioned, before Rita could.

"I came on my own," Rita added.

"On your own!" Her uncle looked surprised, turning to his wife at once. "Didn't you send the boys to meet her? I told you to."

"I did. But those little devils must have forgotten. I'm waiting to give them a scolding."

The devils referred to showed up shortly after. They rushed in, hot and dirty, making a great deal of noise; but stopped short in the doorway on noticing the visitor. Struck dumb, both stared hard at her. Babloo began to hitch up his trousers; Bapi stuck a finger in his mouth.

Babloo was a thin boy with spectacles — very much like his father, and rather shy. He was quite the opposite of his brother, who was both chubby and bold, with dancing black eyes and a shock of curly hair, which at that moment was in an alarming state of disorder.

"Come and meet your cousin," their mother said. "I hope you will be good friends."

At which Bapi came forward readily. But Babloo hung back, mumbling a very indistinct: "Hello!"

"Hello!" answered Rita, and then turned her attention to Bapi.

"And where have you been?" she asked him, in her best motherly style.

"Playing!" Bapi surveyed the table and helped himself to a singara. "I'm hungry, Ma!" he announced.

"You're always hungry," his father observed. "And why were you not at the station to meet your cousin?"

"Yes, I told you to go this morning," Aunt Sheela put in quickly. "Why weren't you there?"

"But you never told us, Ma!" Bapi denied.

"Of course, I did."

**The devils referred to showed up shortly after. They rushed in, hot and dirty, making a great deal of noise, but stopped short in the doorway on noticing the visitor. Struck dumb, both stared hard at her**

"No, you did not, Ma!" Bapi insisted. He looked at his brother. "Ma did not tell us, did she?"

But Babloo kept his head down and did not answer.

"I told you to go. I told you both to go," Aunt Sheela kept on. "You boys never listen."

She was terribly annoyed, somehow, glaring at Bapi who, in spite of this, continued to shake his head.

"If you don't look out, you know what will happen!" Aunt Sheela threatened, and Rita, fearing some sort of punishment for Bapi, started to plead on his behalf.

"Oh, Aunty, please do forgive Bapi! It has been my fault, really I should have been able to come on my own."

"Oh, but it is not your fault, dear!" Aunt Sheela hastened to say, her anger giving way to a smile at once. "It is these boys who are to blame. One cannot expect you to come on your own. Isn't that so?" she asked her husband.

But uncle Sunil only grunted in half-hearted agreement. He was much too busy eating, to pay attention to what was going on.

Peace was restored, the incident forgotten, once the three of them got round to becoming friends. The boys spent the rest of that day showing Rita their toys, playing ludo with her. Even Babloo got over his shyness.

That night, as she brushed her teeth before bed, the thought occurred to Rita:

Did Aunt Sheela really send the boys to meet her? Bapi had denied it and it looked like he was speaking the truth.

But, perhaps, it had all been a misunderstanding! Bapi might not have heard his mother correctly.

**To be continued**

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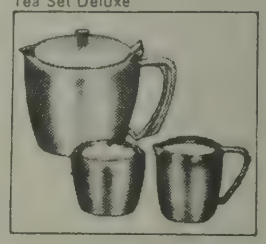
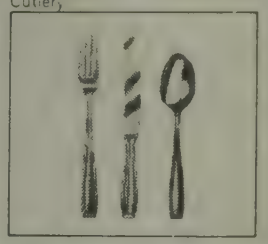
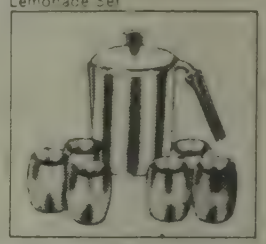


Cutlery



Lemonade Set



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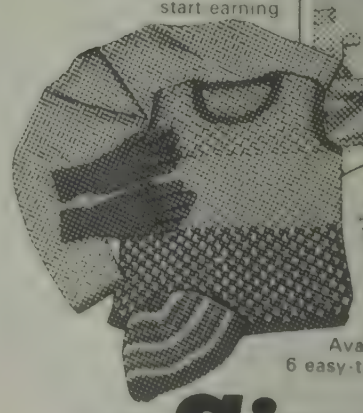

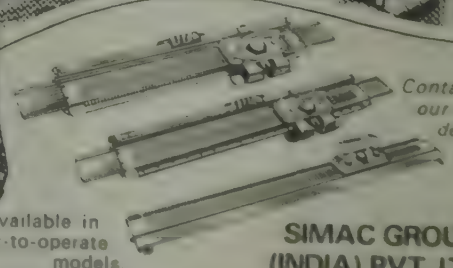

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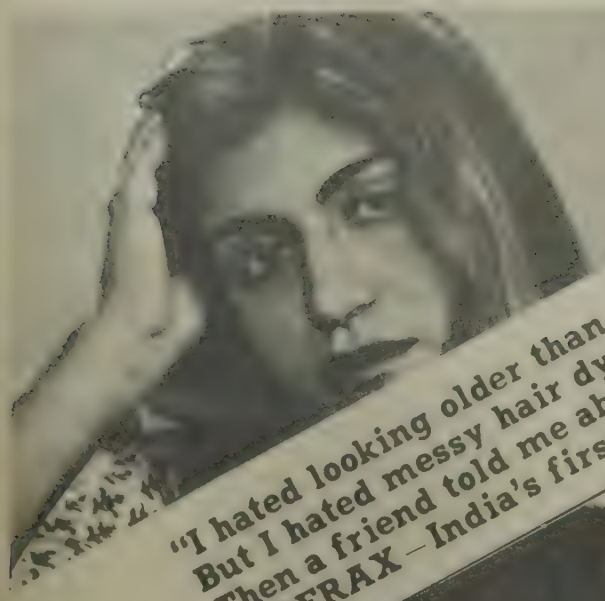
# Quest For The Unique

For a number of years Bomay-based Mrs. Shreya Dalal has been experimenting in the field of flower arrangements, mini landscapes, terrariums and so on. She has to her credit several exhibitions on related subjects. She will hold her fifth exhibition entitled "Creations in Shells and Plants" at Eka Art Gallery on January 8, 9, 10, 1981. On view will be a wide variety of shells including sea rocks, sea ferns, sea urchins, corals, barnacles, handmade ceramic rocks, jars and Belgium glass containers with indoor plants, silk flowers and processed grass; miniature landscapes nestling in the scoop of giant clam shells and hillocks studded with rocks and little streams; and a host of other interesting items.

We have featured here a few of Shreya's creations — exotic marine marvels combined with delicate flowers and foliage.

The proceeds of the sale are earmarked for the Helen Keller Institute for the Deaf and Deaf Blind.



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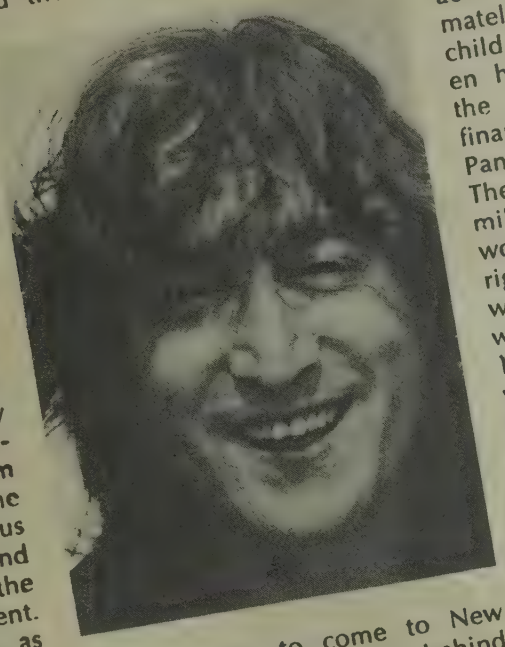


It started as a movement full of hope, but like all idealistic movements, this was also doomed to fail. First mooted by **Acharya Vinoba Bhave,** then by **Jayaprakash Narayan,** the Sarvodaya movement sought to reform the dreaded dacoits of the Chambal valley. Many notorious dacoits did give up arms and were sent to open jails for the duration of their punishment. They were later rehabilitated as farmers. One dacoit, Madho Singh, even became a magician, an actor and a politician. But now comes the distressing news that **Mr. S. N. Subba Rau,** who has long been associated with the movement, has announced that the Sarvodaya experiment is being wound up as it has failed in reforming the decoits. Acordng to an in-depth study conducted by him, old gangs that surrendered have been replaced by new ones. These new gangs have indulged in crimes more heinous than those of their predecessors in the hope that Sarvodaya workers would one day come forward to negotiate with the state government for their surrender. Mr. Rau therefore feels that the problem is socio-economic in nature and should be tackled differently, one way being to launch an intensive development programme to improve this backward area.

* * *

The shootout was bizarre. Ex-Beatle **John Lennon** and his Japanese born wife **Yoko Ono** were about to enter their fancy New York apartment when they were accosted by a fan, **Mark David Chapman,** who had asked for Lennon's autograph only hours before. He shot Lennon several times and by the time the ex-Beatle was taken to hospital he was declared dead. Chapman from Hawaii, had obviously premeditated the killing, as he had borrowed money to come to New York. Was the reason behind the senseless killing apparently a move to get some publicity? It is possible, because Chapman is said to be mentally sick, and has tried to commit suicide twice. It angers Lennon fans that such sick people can not only kill with impunity but also spend the rest of their lives in comfort in a mental hospital at state expense, since a madman cannot be sentenced to death. Meanwhile, the death of Lennon brought the usual spate of suicides from heartbroken fans, and his wife Yoko Ono decided against a public funeral for fear of mass hysteria. Poignantly enough, Lennon's last words, a few hours before his death, were that he hoped he would die before his wife because, "if Yoko died I wouldn't know how to survive. I couldn't carry on." What an end to a genius of his era who stepped out of five years of retirement on to a hail of bullets.

* * *

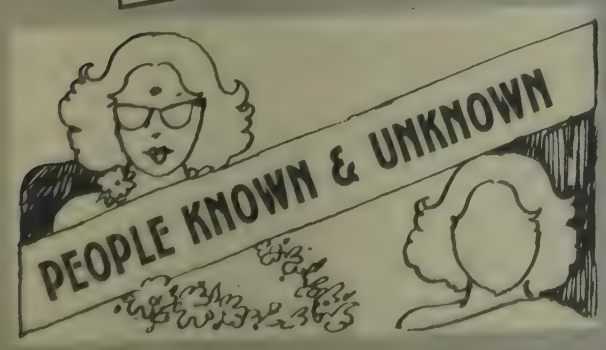
Just what the dirty tricks department would approve of. The CIA has finally admitted that it spread rumours and planted news items in many papers that actress **Jean Seberg** was illegitimately carrying a black man's child. The reason was to cheapen her image in public because the CIA was angry that she lent financial support to the Black Panther movement in the U.S. The movement was started by militant young negro men and women to fight for their civil rights. It is said that Jean Seberg was shocked to such an extent when she read the reports that her child was stillborn. She went into a state of depression and committed suicide in 1979. Now comes the tragic news that her husband, well-known writer, film director and French diplomat **Romain Gary** was also miserable at the way his wife had suffered and died, and shot himself to death recently. A terrible tragedy about two sensitive, honest people which could have been averted had they only been allowed to follow their political convictions in peace.

* * *

Is justice finally going to be meted out? Two years after the brutal murder of the two innocent Chopra children, **Sanjay** and **Geeta,** the Supreme Court has rejected the appeals of **Jasbir** alias **Billa** and **Kuljeet** alias **Ranga** and sentenced them to death. Two years ago, Billa and Ranga, two well-known murderers from Bombay, had given a lift to Geeta and her brother Sanjay in Delhi since they were late in reaching All India Radio where they were taking part in a radio programme. They stabbed the children several times and raped Geeta before murdering her. But the brave children fought them till the end. Yet, with increasing lawlessness in Delhi, one wonders whether hanging Billa and Ranga will solve the problem. The parents who are broken in spirit will never see their children again and the list of unsolved crimes keeps mounting in the capital. What about the murderers of collegian **Gautam Jaisinghani** who stabbed him repeatedly and buried him alive, and got away, so far, scot free?

* * *

It helps to be the wife of the U.S. president. A woman who at the best of times looks haggard and ill-tempered, who, to this day, has said nothing in interviews that makes her seem decisive, or endearing, or entertaining, and who can at best be described as below average. **Nancy Reagan** has suddenly been discovered to possess that elusive chic by the French and Italian couture syndicate, and has been declared as one of the ten most elegantly dressed women in the world. Needless to say, neither Nancy nor Morocco's **King Hassan 11** (who topped the list in the male category) turned up on the awards night to receive their gift of a gold wrist watch.




**When Indian seaman Ezadio Santan Soares was arrested by the Swedish customs for smuggling alcohol and cigarettes he escaped going to jail when hauled before the judge. When the "Vishva Ajay" docked in Sundsvall, Sweden, customs officials searching the ship found 120 bottles of alcohol and several thousand packets of cigarettes in his possession. But Soares successfully managed to convince the judge that he drank 1.5 litres of alcohol daily and smoked several packets of cigarettes like the proverbial chimney, and that they were for his personal consumption and not for smuggling. When the judge asked him why he had hidden the hoard, pat came the reply: He did not wish the captain to mistake him for a drunk!**

**Lakshmi Narayan**

# When life needs brightening up...

MERCURY PAINTS

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# KAMALAHASAN:

## THE MAN WHO OVERTHREW OLD IDOLS

**Jyothi Venkatesh**

Ask any director down South. He will go into raptures about Kamalahasan. Ask any heroine in Madras. She will rave about Kamal as a co-star. Kamal, one has got to admit, has the uncanny knack of holding people under a spell. He has the charisma, but the Midas touch of turning every film of his into a superhit is no longer there.

It was Kamal who broke through the stranglehold of the "oldies" in the Tamil film industry where melodrama and Sivaji Ganesan reigned supreme. He ushered in the new era of underplaying and proved that in the visual medium noise is secondary. that loud ranting is no substitute for good acting.

Kamal has now entered Hindi films with producer L. V. Prasad's "Ek Duuje Ke Liye", in which he has been teamed opposite Rati Agnihotri. Unlike Rati who has signed for every film offered to her, Kamal has been very selective, though he could have made a lot of money if he too had grabbed at all the offers that came his way.

At the moment Kamal is busy shooting for his own maiden production venture "Raja Parvai" in Madras. where this interview took place.

"I am waiting with my fingers crossed to know the results of my maiden venture, 'Ek Duuje Ke Liye' in Bombay. Yes, about my refusing many offers, it's not that I am playing hard to get. You see. I have amassed enough money in Madras. My only ambition now is to work in Hindi movies with a good director, and prove myself as an actor.

"Quite a few film makers in Bombay are irked with me because I turned down their offers. They don't understand that I am so awfully busy down South with as many as a dozen films in Tamil and Telugu. How can I give dates to Bombay producers as and when they need me?"

Kamal doesn't have an image problem. "To hell with image", is his favourite motto. "Right from the time I set my feet in the film industry, I have accepted no image. I have played every kind of character — good, bad, kind, cruel, the romantic lover and the ruthless killer.

"And people tend to forget I am a professional actor. I am not a rich man's idealist son, I am here to make a living, not to play the social reformer. The press was angry with me for doing a film like 'Guru' but then only if I do films like 'Guru', which incidentally has broken the record of all my pervious films, will I earn a living to do films like 'Aval Appadi Than'.

Apart from "Ek Duuje Ke Liye", the other film which Kamal has signed in Bombay are "Sanam Teri Kasam" in which he has been teamed opposite Reena Roy and Raj Tilak, a multi-star film being made by Raj Kumar Kohli with Dharmendra, Raaj Kumar, Kamalahasan, Hema Malini and Reena Roy. Kamal is also slated to do a film for B.R. Chopra with Rati Agnihotri and a film opposite Moushumi for the makers of "Hatyara", to be directed by Surendra Mohan.

Kamal insists on being given the script in advance when he signs a film. "I have to be cautious about what kind of roles I am doing because I may end up as a loser in the end if I am not careful in the beginning. Down South, I have always worked with ready-made scripts, unless of course it is a film being made by my mentor Balachander who now functions from here," Kamal said and tapped his forehead with a smile.

"I would rather prefer to be a king in Madras than slog and rot in Bombay as an also-ran should my films flop there," he added. After a series of flops in Madras, Kamal has emerged victorious again with his "Guru" and the latest release "Varumaiyin Niram Sigappu". And with a good script and a good director there is no reason why he should not triumph in Hindi films, too.

Photograph : Praveen Kumar

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# BEAUTY BULLETIN

Kiyoko M., a leading beautician, will answer your beauty queries every fortnight in this column.

## DRY SKIN

**I am 23. My problem is that I have a very dry skin. I use plenty of moisturiser and also a nourishing cream before I go to bed at night. Is this all right?**

**R. E. (Delhi)**

You should use the moisturiser sparingly. If you apply more, the excess will be wasted. Take a little in your palm and pat it all over your face. Apply it over your neck too. It is better to use it oftener than using it lavishly at one time.

Use the moisturiser as well as the cream at night. The moisturiser will keep your skin moist while the cream will provide oil and nourishment to it.

## IS THIS HARMFUL?

**I use a skin food every night and leave it on my skin. Is this harmful?**

**H. K. (Bombay)**

You should not have a very thick layer of cream on your face, otherwise the pores will get clogged and prevent the skin from breathing. Most creams are fine-textured and when applied lightly they are absorbed by the skin.

# TRY THIS HAIRSTYLE

## HAIR PROBLEM

**I am a working girl of 22. I am very fond of dressing up and trying out new hairstyles. But I have a problem. I need some height on the top of my head, but my hair is very fine, and I cannot tease it. Any suggestions?**

**R. R. (Panaji)**

You could use a small hairpiece to add height to your hairdo. Section hair at the crown and pin the false hair at the base, securely. Then comb hair over this. Try this and there is no need to tease your hair.

## TO TRIM THIGHS

**I am 21 and have a good figure. My problem is that I have bulges on the upper part of my thighs which are noticeable when I wear jeans or a swimsuit. Please suggest me an exercise to get rid of these.**

**My lips are straight and my mouth is wide. I want it to look shapely, what should I do?**

**J. M. (Calcutta)**

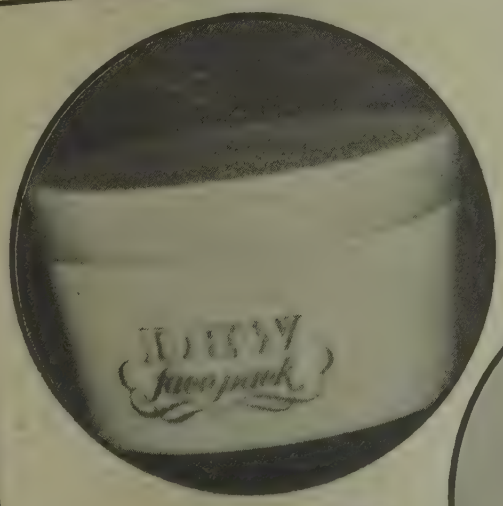
Try this exercise and do it regularly for a couple of months for good results:

Lie on the floor on your left side, bend your right knee, with the weight supported on left forearm. You are in a reclining position. Place palm of right hand at back on the floor for better support. Bounce up and down on the bulge three-four times making sure that you are hitting the bulge. Change sides and repeat.

You should add fullness and curve to both your lips since they are straight. Use a lip brush to outline your lips, then apply lipstick. As your mouth is wide, stop the colour just short of the mouth corners so that your mouth looks smaller.

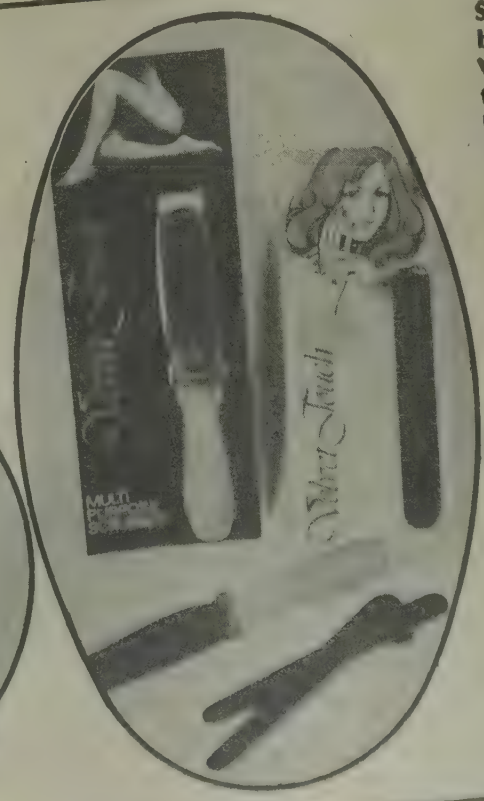
# WHAT'S NEW?

To help you keep track of the useful new products that come into the market now and again.




**For a smooth and glowing complexion is this ready-to-use Dew Face Pack containing witch hazel (Rs. 10.80).**

**Introduced by Bombay Soap Factory is this Misty Shampoo — Herbal, Lemon and Beauty — with a conditioner, scalp emollient and moisturiser all in one, to keep your hair healthy and lustrous (Rs. 10.90 each).**




**Some interesting beauty products: Velvet Touch Multipurpose Scrubber to keep your feet clean (Rs 6.25), and Emery Boards for your nails, backed with steel strip (Rs. 3.50 for a packet of three).**

**All items available at leading stores.**

# FASHION FORE

The news in day wear is a plain white skirt and blouse ensemble with dotty trimmings at neck and sleeve edge. Buckled belt clutches waist for a trim fit.

BELOW: A lovely, soft dress with the stamp of elegance — Notice the shaped cummerbund at the waist, edged with a gold braid.

# CAST

# 1981!

**The 1981 fashion story — two entirely different looks — plain and classic or positively fancy and sophisticated — with details of lace and braid trimmings. Pants take a new shape altogether — more baggy, bouncy and pleated. Dresses take a new length — midis are out. Colours — subtle glow in burgundy and maroon or a strong contrast in black and white.**

**Give your spirits a boost with these new and interesting fashion ideas from our designer's collection. Here are four outfits by SUNITA MEHTA of "Madame Mademoiselle," styled in the most unique pattern, combining elegance and simplicity. Decidedly '81 in inspiration!**

There's a whole new way to dress for the evening — sophisticated, sleek and simple. A white jumpsuit — glamorous and modern — co-ordinated with a printed jacket in black.

Courting the best looks in a classic striped sleeves outfit. Side-slits and scarf for extra details.

Photographs : Taiyeb Badshah

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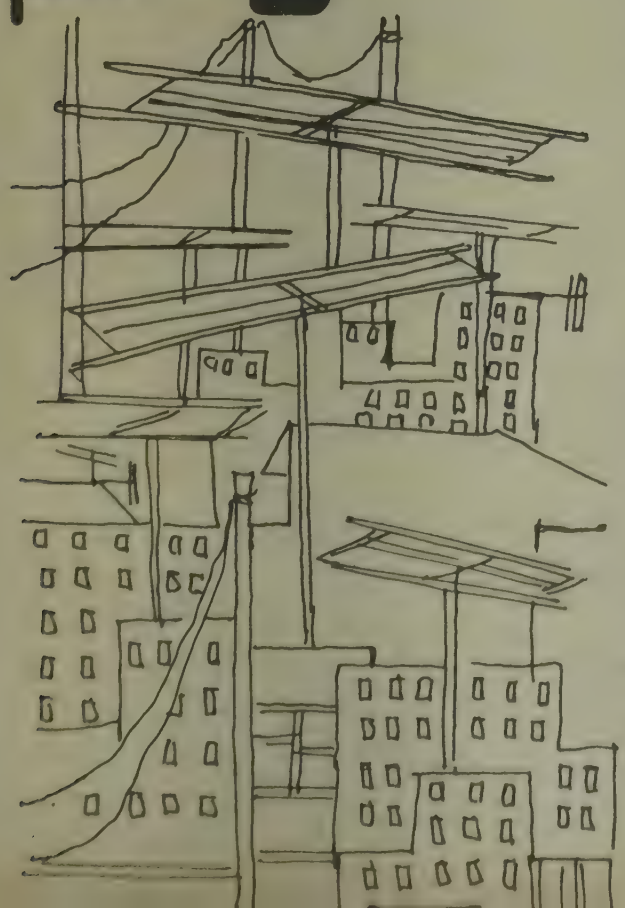
# THE MEDIA: using it for our own ends

Shahnaz Anklesaria



Are you a woman with strong opinions about your sex? Perhaps you are also an activist — organising women, meetings, making (or listening to) speeches, writing or reading pamphlets. Hard and vitally important work, all of this. But has it meant that you have occasionally overlooked your contribution to the mass media?

You may not be a journalist, radio or TV programmer. But as an aware, articulate or reflective person, do you use the outreach of these organs? The press in India, for instance, has been berated, and sometimes rightly, for not doing its job in highlighting the problems of Indian womanhood. One reason for this is that concerned individuals or organisations do not use the press enough to stimulate intelligent discussion. There is no short cut — if you or your group are concerned about anything specific, then translate your concern into writing. Letters to the editor, short stories, imaginative or investigative pieces — material that is brief and simply written will find its way to the printed page.

Some women say that they do not use the press, because it functions along rigid bureaucratic lines. This is an incorrect generalisation. There are many responsible people not only in the press world but with the TV and radio who are open to intelligent suggestions for programmes or articles that can change attitudes or focus on specific issues. But every paper does look for new, interesting angles through which to highlight perennial issues. This is the challenge — sell your ideas.

If you do not, you are not using every available channel to further your cause, you are merely denying yourself available weapons in a struggle that promises to be a long and difficult one.

Ultimately it is attitudes that need to be changed, the attitudes and values with which the average Indian male and female are reared. Seen as a socio-economic gift to his household, chauvinism is inculcated in an Indian male from childhood. Twisted concepts like: a woman's virginity is her main asset, not her personality, that men must be allowed their fun because their "appetites" are stronger, women are the weaker sex, ultimately result in men treating women like their personal property, or worse, as objects to be used and then discarded. These must be challenged in the mass media. Then there are the rigid social traditions which insist that a married son must live with his parents at any cost, that it is a wife's duty to "serve" her mother-in-law. and other ones like dowry and widow ostracism. Women who have thought about the damage and irrelevance of such customs must provoke others into discarding them. Surely the mass media provides them with a vast enough audience to do this.

The radio, for instance, reaches far more homes than the written word. Attitudes can be changed, myths blown away, in short dramas which can be presented over the air. Women activists can speak out in radio programmes. Of all the weapons, the radio is one which is the most under-used by concerned women.

Rarely are a woman's strengths expressed or portrayed via the mass media. In India, at best she is seen as a martyr, capable of superhuman sacrifices. What are her other strengths? Ela Bhatt, internationally renowned trade unionist and leader of the Self-Employed Women's Association in Ahmedabad, says that the illiterate woman vegetable vendor and the women who pull handcarts, have a fund of shrewd common sense that she both admires and envies. If a woman is to be given her due respect as man's equal that respect cannot be won by merely demanding sympathy and understanding. Ultimately it is her strengths that will demand respect. These must be constantly portrayed.

**WE COMPLAIN THAT WOMEN'S ISSUES ARE NOT PROPERLY TREATED IN THE PRESS AND NOT GIVEN ENOUGH EXPOSURE. THIS IS TRUE, BUT WOMEN ACTIVISTS ARE ALSO NOT MAKING ENOUGH USE OF THE AVAILABLE MEDIA TO VOICE THEIR OPINIONS AND INFLUENCE ATTITUDES**

Advertisements in the press or on the TV have done much harm to the cause of women by projecting a totally false image of women as helpless, unintelligent creatures. One advertisement on tiles has a woman saying, "I do not understand much about these things" — she means prices and the durability of tiles — which is an insult to a woman's intelligence. Men's clothes are advertised with a pretty, vacant looking woman as a backdrop, or sometimes even a group of women hanging adoringly on a man's arm. The female form has been used to advertise cigarettes, zips, bath-tubs in a way which is an insult to her dignity and her privacy. If the female form can be mutilated like this by advertisements in public, then why should it not be mutilated in private?

Why is it that hardly any concerned women or organisations protest against this — and protest effectively? In today's rat race, no advertising agency likes to be publicly criticised. Women's organisations could also consider inviting representatives of advertising agencies to meetings to impress on them the damage they do to women by their advertisments. Every journalist, adman, producer, director is a product of a society that treats woman as an inferior being. Their attitudes too must be changed.

It is women activists often who are the first to know about atrocities on other women. These need to be constantly highlighted through the different media. One reason why the rape laws are being altered after a

**Continued on Page 39**

# Be a woman all over

# New Nivea Liquid

## keeps every inch of you as beautiful as you desire.

To be a woman is to be gentle, soft, lovely. It's a very special world, with all the beautiful things that go along. . . and beautiful skin is very much a part of it. . .

**Drop for drop,** new Nivea Liquid skin oil really beautifies your skin. . . because it's a very special moisturiser that helps retain your skin's moisture. It also adds moisture to dried-out surfaces—this stops lines and wrinkles from forming; keeps your skin and complexion young and enchanting all over, whatever the weather. You can even use Nivea Liquid as a light, fresh cleanser to gently remove make-up—leave your skin soft, silky smooth.

Come, make new Nivea Liquid a part of your world. . . for that skin complexion you've always wanted.

**Special Introductory Prices:**
**100 ml bottle Rs. 18/-**
**200 ml bottle Rs. 29.50**
**Taxes extra**

**Every pearly drop beautifies your skin**

Made for you by **J.L. Morison, Son & Jones (India) Ltd.** 79, Dr Annie Besant Road, Worli, Bombay 400 018

# SPREAD A BUFFET ... budgetwise

**Who wants to greet the New Year with a dreary table of every day fare? So here are special treats suggested by cookery expert SUSHILLA VASWANI. The choice is wide, appetising, easy to make and not very expensive either — no roast turkey or elaborate plum pudding. The menu comprises simple pizzas, spinach with a piquant taste and grandma's pudding. A thoroughly enjoyable feast that will delight both adults and children.**

Photograph: Talveb Badshah

## COCKTAIL PRAWNS

1 cup large prawns
1 tsp. ginger-garlic paste
1 tsp. chilli powder
1 tsp. vinegar
2 egg yolks
1 egg white
Oil for frying
½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. turmeric
1 tsp. sugar
½ cup flour
2 tbsps. corn flour

Clean the prawns and marinate in a mixture of vinegar, salt, sugar, ginger-garlic paste, turmeric powder and chilli powder for half an hour. Beat the egg yolks, add in the egg white and beat up well. Add flour and corn flour. Mix well to a thick paste. Cover the prawns with the batter and fry golden brown. Serve with tomato ketchup.

## AFGHANI DELIGHT

3 cups spinach, boiled and ground
3 green chillis, finely chopped
1 tsp. ginger-garlic paste
¼ tsp. turmeric powder
Salt to taste
1 tsp. garlic, chopped
½ tsp. mustard seeds
4 tsps. oil

FOR THE CHEESE SAUCE:
2 cups milk
3 tbsps. butter
½ cup cheese, grated
1 cup vegetable stock
2 tbsps. flour
Salt to taste

FOR THE GARNISH:

**2 tomatoes, sliced**
**½ cup cheese, grated**

FOR THE CHEESE SAUCE:

Melt the butter. Add in the flour. Stir till light brown. Add in the milk gradually. Mix well add in the vegetable stock. Stir well. Bring it to boil. Add the salt and cheese when thick. Remove from the fire and set aside.

FOR THE SPINACH:

Heat oil. Fry the chopped garlic, and mustard seeds. When the garlic turns golden brown add the spinach, salt, chillis, ginger-garlic paste and turmeric powder. Cook for four to five minutes and then remove from the fire and cool. Take a baking dish. Fold in the cooled spinach and fold over the cheese sauce. Bake for ten minutes in a moderate oven and then remove. Arrange the tomato slices over the cheese sauce. Sprinkle grated cheese and bake for another ten minutes and serve piping hot.

## GRANDMA'S PUDDING

**3 cups milk**
**2 drops red food colour**
**1 packet strawberry jelly**
**1 tin mixed fruits**
**6 tbsps. sugar**
**½ cup China grass, chopped**
**4 cups water**
**A few drops rose essence**

Boil two cups of water. Remove from the fire. Fold in the jelly. Mix well, add in a cup of cold water and stir well till the jelly dissolves. Rinse a high jelly mould and pour in the jelly mixture. Leave in the fridge to set Mix China grass with water and cook on slow fire till the china grass dissolves. Remove from the fire and set aside. Boil milk with sugar. Add the dissolved China grass and cook for a few minutes. Remove from the fire and cool. Add colour and essence. Mix well and slowly fold it over the previously set jelly. Once again leave to set in the fridge. When well set, dip the mould for a minute in very hot water and unmould the jelly. Decorate around with the chilled mix fruits just before serving.

## CHEESE PUFFS

FOR THE PASTRY DOUGH:

**2 cups flour**
**6 tbsps. chilled butter**
**Ice cold water as required**
**1 tsp. salt**
**6 tbsps. chilled margarine**

FOR THE FILLING:

**1 cup cheese, grated**
**Egg or milk for topping**

Mix the flour and salt. Cut the margarine and half of the butter into cubes. Add to the flour, mix lightly with finger tips till it resembles breadcrumbs. Knead it with ice cold water in to a dough. Keep aside for ten minutes in the fridge. Cream rest of the butter. Roll out the dough into a thick chappati and apply the creamed butter and fold chappati and keep it in the fridge for ten minutes. Roll out again into a chappati and then apply the rest of the butter. Fold and return to the fridge for fifteen minutes. Take a portion of the dough. Make a chappati, into quarter inch thick. Cut into squares and place a tablespoon of grated cheese in the centre and fold the square piece into a triangle and place it on a greased baking dish. Repeat with the rest of the dough. Brush milk or beaten egg over each piece and bake for fifteen minutes till brown. The dough can be prepared one day in advance.

## AUSTRALIAN BANANA MOULD

**3 bananas, mashed**
**2 tbsps. custard powder**
**1 tbsp. gelatine**
**6 tbsps. sugar**
**4 cups milk**
**½ cup water**
**1 bar chocolate (optional)**
**50 grams walnuts**

Boil the milk with sugar. Add custard powder mixed with cold milk. Stir continuously. When thick, remove from the fire and add the mashed bananas. Beat up the whole mixture and set aside. Mix gelatine in half cup water and dissolve on slow fire. Fold it into the custard mixture and place the custard pan over ice cubes and beat the whole mixture for ten minutes. Fold into a rinsed mould and leave to set in the refrigerator. When set, dip the mould in hot water for a minute and unmould immediately. Decorate with walnuts and grated chocolate.

## ORGANDI CURRY

**½ kg mutton**
**3 onions, minced**
**½ cup oil**
**3 cups water**
**¼ kg mince meat**
**Salt to taste**
**½ cup coriander leaves, chopped**

GRIND TO A PASTE:

**3 large tomatoes**
**6 cloves garlic, flaked**
**1 tsp. coriander powder**
**1 tsp. cummin powder**
**A pinch nutmeg**
**4 to 5 green chillis**
**1 inch piece ginger**
**A pinch turmeric**
**½ tsp. garam masala**
**1 tbsp. poppy seeds**

Heat the oil. Fry the minced onions till light brown. Add in the mutton and the mince. Stir well and fry for five minutes till oil separates. Add half cup water and cook. When the water evaporates, add the ground paste and salt. Cook for five minutes stirring occasionally. When the oil separates, add another half cup of water. Cover and cook on slow fire till oil separates. Add in the rest of the water. Pressure cook till mutton is tender. Garnish with coriander leaves and serve.

## DOODLE RICE

**2 cups rice**
**½ cup oil**
**½ cup tomato ketchup**
**2 tbsps. Worchestershire sauce**
**3 eggs**
**½ cup coriander leaves, chopped**
**1 cup peas, boiled**
**2 to 3 green chillis, chopped**
**2 onions, chopped**
**2 large tomatoes**
**1½ cups shrimps**
**1 tsp. garlic, crushed**
**Salt to taste**

Boil the rice in salt water. When tender, drain and cool. Keep aside. Heat oil. Fry the garlic and chopped onions. When light brown, add chopped green chillis, tomatoes, salt, Worchestershire sauce and shrimps. Cook for a few minutes. When shrimps are tender add in the boiled peas, tomato ketchup, and coriander leaves. Cook for two minutes Add in the lightly beaten eggs. Stir. Fry the mixture stirring continously for a few minutes. Add in the cooked rice and stir. Fry for a few minutes. Cover and keep on slow fire for a few minutes. Serve hot.

## QUICKIE PIZZA

**6 bread slices**
**1 cup tomato ketchup**
**½ cup spaghetti, boiled**
**2 green chillis, chopped**
**2 tbsps. butter**
**Salt to taste**
**½ cup cheese, grated**
**1 capsicum, sliced**
**1 onion, sliced**
**½ tsp. thyme**
**2 tbsps. oil**

Mix the boiled spaghetti, salt, tomato ketchup, onion, chilli, thyme and capsicum. Grease a baking dish. Arrange slices of bread and top with the spaghetti filling. Sprinkle grated cheese. dot with butter and bake for ten minutes.

## MAGIC DRINK

**½ bottle limca**
**½ bottle lemonade**
**A few drops green colour**
**½ tbsp. gin**
**Crushed ice**
**A few sprigs mint leaves**
**A slice of lemon**
**Skin of a sweet lime, cut carefully**

Mix limca, lemonade, gin, colouring and ice in a cocktail shaker. Pour in a high glass. Place a slice of lemon and mint leaves. Place one end of the sweet lime skin in the glass and rest out of the glass just for decoration.

## ANNOUNCING GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

**Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will receive in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize:**

1) A 9 cup Storefresh container from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, 2) A gift Hamper from WEIKFIELD containing Elaichi Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Drinking Chocolate, Glucose-D, Variety Custard Powder and Corn Flour, and 3) A four plate Meera Steam-Thru from MEERA METAL INDUSTRIES, Bombay.

Mrs. Nalini Kapur, New Delhi.

## CHIROTO

**300 grams flour**
**1 tbsp. ghee**
**2 cups sugar**
**½ dry coconut, grated**
**250 grams ghee**
**A pinch baking powder**

Dissolve the sugar in equal quantity of water to a thread consistency. Mix together the flour, baking powder and ghee. Knead to a soft dough. Divide the dough into seven equal balls. Roll each ball into a large chappati. Layer each with ghee and place one on top of the other. Roll the seven layers like a Swiss roll. Cut into slices, flatten by rolling lightly with a rolling pin. Deep fry till golden on slow fire. Dip each chiroto into the above prepared syrup and remove. Coat with grated coconut. Serve hot.

Mrs. Audrey Samuel, Madras.

## COCONUT COOKIES

FOR THE FILLING :

**1 cup coconut, grated**
**½ cup sugar**
**2 tbsps. water**
**½ cup walnuts and cashewnuts, chopped**

FOR THE COOKIES :

**½ cup butter**
**½ cup jaggery, powdered**
**2 cups flour**
**2 eggs**
**½ cup sugar**
**½ tsp. salt**
**½ tsp. baking soda**

FOR THE FILLING :

Add coconut, water and sugar. Cook over low heat until thick and pasty. This should take around ten minutes. Add nuts and cool.

Cream butter and sugar thoroughly. Add eggs and beat well. Add all the ingredients. Mix thoroughly and keep aside for one hour. Roll out the dough to one eighth of an inch thick on a lightly floured board. Cut into circles with a cookie cutter. Place a teaspoon of the filling on half of the cookies and place the remaining ones on top. Press edges together with a fork. Bake on greased cookie tins in a hot oven for ten minutes.

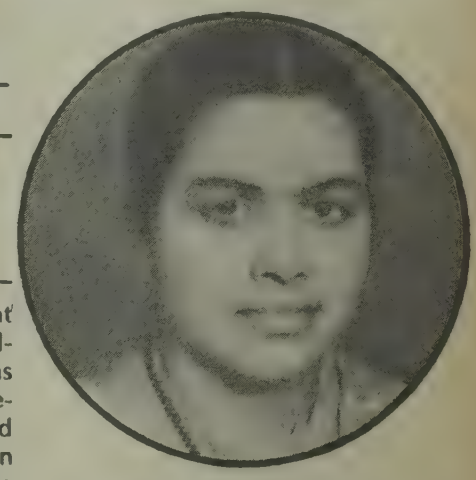
Mrs. Amrita Bagga, Poona.

## CORNCOB BISCUITS

**4 fresh corncobs**
**2 tins condensed milk**
**1 cup semolina**
**¼ cup ghee**

Steam the corncobs in sufficient water for half an hour till tender. Strain. Remove the grains from the cobs and grind coarsely. Heat the ghee in a kerahi and add the condensed milk. Then add the ground mixture and keep stirring on a slow fire for a few minutes. Add sugar. Mix thoroughly and after a few more minutes, add the roasted semolina little at a time. Stir to make the mixture homogeneous and starts leaving the pan. If needed, add some more ghee.

Divide the mixture into four equal parts. Roll each part on a smooth floured surface. Cut with different shaped biscuit cutters and transfer on a greased baking tray. Bake in a moderate oven till light brown.



Mrs. G. V. Iyer, Bombay.

## EGGLESS CAKE

**400 grams condensed milk**
**50 grams vanaspati**
**200 grams flour**
**1 tsp. vanilla essence**
**1 tsp. baking powder**
**½ tsp. baking soda**

Mix vanaspati and condensed milk well. Sieve the flour, baking powder and soda. Add this gradually to the creamed vanaspati and condensed milk. Form into a dough. Finally, add the vanilla essence and bake for forty minutes in a moderate oven.

## ARCHANA VERMA, Jaipur.

Miss Verma wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 9 cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a 4 plate Meera Steam-thru from Meera Metal Industries.

## POPCORN CURRY

**50 grams popcorns**
**2 onions**
**1½ tbsps. oil**
**2 inch piece ginger**
**6-7 cloves garlic, flaked**
**1 tsp. chilli powder**
**¾ tsp. turmeric powder**
**1 tsp. coriander powder**
**3 tomatoes**
**2½ tbsps. cream**
**Salt to taste**

Put the cream in a kerahi and heat through till ghee separates. Keep the residue separately.

Grind the onions and fry in oil until golden brown. Now add the ground paste of ginger and garlic. After five minutes, add the turmeric, coriander powder and chilli powder with salt to taste. Add some water and stir the mixture till the masala gets well mixed. Let it cook for sometime and add the tomatoes. Also add the leftover residue. Cook for sometime. Add water if required. Let it boil.

When the gravy is nearly done, add the popcorns and bring down from the fire after two to three minutes. Garnish with fresh coriander leaves, thin slices of tomato and thinly sliced green chillis.

## COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

### Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

# Snazzy styles for jazzy you

To spell classy elegance...Oswal 24 Carat Fenit to give you the glamour of gold. Slinky to wear...smooth to touch. It's like wearing flower petals. In beautiful colours – that make it difficult to choose. Now wear continental styles in India.

**24 CARAT FENIT**

Look for the OWM PRODUCTS Trademark–
The better value for your money

**OSWAL WOOLLEN MILLS LTD.**

## THE MEDIA:
## using it for our own ends

**Continued from page 31**

100 years is because women made a series of loud protests against them, because known cases of assault on women were investigated into and written about. Unless every ordinary man and woman realises that they are vulnerable to these atrocities, they will continue to be complacent. Women's organisations can encourage visits by journalists and cameramen to areas where such incidents have taken place.

It is alleged that police lock-ups are areas where women, particularly prostitutes, are victimised.

If one is sure of one's facts, then why are these instances not written about or discussed over the air? However weak, the mass media can demand some accountability from those in power. One reason why it is not as effective as it can be, is because people with courage do not use it enough.

This is not to say that laws and structures do not need to be changed. The recommendations of the Law Commission will be tabled in the winter session of Parliament. The debate over them has hardly begun. Individuals who have given enough thought to these recommendations should not hesitate to express them in writing or over the raido and TV. It is futile to wait for your opinions to be invited. You can initiate public debate. What are the sections of the Penal Code that need to be altered or amended? Unless public opinion is built up — and built up soon — the government cannot be blamed for not heeding it.

Through the mass media accurate information can be provided on what a woman must do if she is assaulted — how to lodge a complaint and where, what sort of doctor's certificate is required, what are the different steps to be taken, who to contact for help. There is a crying need for such information, simply provided in layman's language, and in every Indian language, on issues like rape and assault, divorce, inheritance laws. Books or booklets already written on them can be reviewed in the press.

Finally, one can be sure that the mass media will report anything that has made a strong enough impact. If several concerned organisations united over certain women's issues, on their merit, their stand will be given far greater publicity than individual pronouncements. We have all read about the Cuttack journalist's wife who was most horribly raped and killed because her husband wrote about some local scandal. Why has there been no united protest by women over this act of utter cowardice? If there had been, it would have received publicity.

Sadly, many women's organisations are far more concerned about their ideological and political differences than about joining hands on urgent issues that need unified protest. On the national level, personality and ego conflicts have resulted in a fragmented opposition. The whole cause of women will suffer the same fate unless women leaders in public and political life make conscious efforts to put aside their differences and mobilise public opinion together.

**Devi**

# Middle Class Respectability Is Out!

Marriage dominated 1980. In the rush most got married for the second and third time — Dharam and Vinod Mehra to "other women." Dimple could not find anyone, so she got almost divorced and married to the same man again according to Vedic rites, this time with a 20-tola gold mangalsutra for durability. When Vinod Mehra got married (for the first time) I opted for "Trishul" premiere (on the same day) and wrote, "The premiere won't be repeated, Vinod I can catch up at his second or third wedding." And Chintu sulked throughout his marriage, so I said I will not attend his second marriage. Of all the people Mithun chose to get annoyed with me. "What a bitch you are! Give him a chance." He lectured me till I reminded him that he had dissolved his marriage to Helena in exactly 15 days.

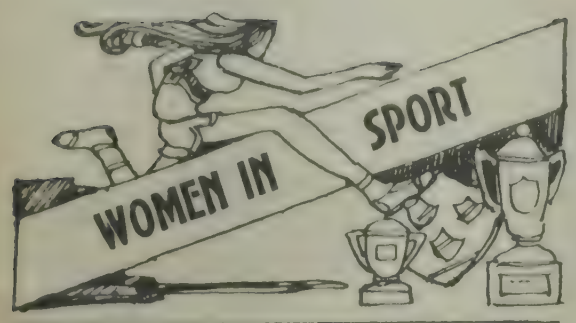
For years film people tried to project a well-preserved middle class image in keeping with the stupid, unreal roles they play. At last they have decided to throw off pretensions. In any case we have stripped them sufficiently. I am totally with the show world people who will be the style setters for the well-preserved, rigid zamana (there is no such thing though). Experiment, experience and adventure is life. After all, we do not have a life of 2000 years to divide it by phases, logic, planning.

Experience should be the aim, happy or unhappy. Why dread unhappiness? Unfortunately even our literature is too "happy ending," striving for-happiness kind. A writer and media man like Kamleshwar gives statements like a pregnant behenji. "I do not go in for extra-marital affairs because they may cause unhappiness." Things happen, they are not planned.

Adventure, courage clear stagnation. Soon the show people will realise that the public years ago has allotted them the liberty to destroy. They are expected to live with a touch of madness and passion. The public that took up for me when Dharam tried to persecute me, did not raise an eyebrow when he chose to marry Hema (or so she says, Dharam has not given a single statement). The martyr woman will give way to a new woman — demanding, passionate, positive.

Rekha, the new superstar, will usher in the New Year with the woman power era. Yesterday's superstar, Amitabh, had to come to terms with Rekha, patch up differences and co-star with her. Jaya had to swallow her pride and consent to the professional combination that she had broken up, although she is trying to cover up the humiliation by the dazzle of her comeback. Fearing a crash like Rajesh Khanna's, Amitabh, the shrewd Kayastha, has collected the ladders he has climbed upon.

The crash of the year and that too without style (shaan) is "Shaan". See it from any angle, it is a big yawn. Apart from "Doctor No", there is the blending of two flop films, "Shalimar" and "Kala Patthar" not to mention "Jaws". Till the end Ramesh Sippy has not made up his mind whether to push Raakhee and Shatru (the fresh widow and widower) into each other's arms. The myth of the year was Kulbushan Kharbanda with a jilebi fry voice. He looks like music-director Khayyam.




Our sportswomen need and deserve more attention and encouragement than they get. We do our bit on this page.

# HOCKEY:

**Shirish Nadkarni**

A little over five months ago, Zimbabwe won the gold medal in women's field hockey: an event introduced for the first time In the history of the Olympic movement at the 1980 Games in Moscow. The tiny African nation, whose participation itself hung in the balance until the very last minute, improved with every match, until they finally scored a thumping four-one win over Austria in their last league match to finish unbeaten among the six participating teams.

India ended up fourth — a sad final position for a team that definitely expected to win a medal. The Indians were beaten in their last league match by hosts Russia. thus surrendering the bronze medal. The performance of the Indian girls right through the tournament was of a fairly high standard, but they were plagued by the same problem that has affected the Indian men's hockey team in recent years — inability to convert penalty-corners and half-chances.

The same failings were manifest in the 34th Women's Hockey Nationals, which concluded recently at the Nehru Stadium, Indore, with the powerful Railway team dethroning defending champions Punjab by a two-zero margin in the final, to bag the Lady Ratan Tata Cup. With a galaxy of stars in their ranks — as many as seven Olympians and three internationals, the Railways could have strolled through the contest. But they had to struggle to even make the finals, despite displaying marked superiority. The reason once again was the failure to grab the many chances that came their way.

Railways could well have been held scoreless by the gritty Uttar Pradesh girls in the semi-final. Sometimes using crowding tactics that had earlier been used successfully by Goa in the league encounters, U.P. managed to keep their citadel intact until the 22nd minute, in spite of repeated raids by the nippy Railway forwards. Inside-right **Selma D'Silva,** who has donned the India colours quite a few times made intelligent use of the ball, and was the co-star in many thrustful moves with **Madhu Yadav.** But, after that solitary goal, so many moves were fruitless that one lost count. Madhu Yadav had the goalkeeper alone in front of her on as many as five separate occasions during the course of the match, but could not beat her even once.

What was worse, Madhu missed with that easiest of conversions — a penalty-stroke! **Razia Zaidi** took a chance even as the stick was completing its downward swing, and dived down to her right. Had Madhu given the ball even the slightest bit of upward trajectory, it would have been a sure goal at any point between the two posts. As it was, It smacked squarely into Razia, to keep the score the same. The fact that U.P. could make only one effective raid into Railway territory near their goal speaks for the overwhelming superiority of the winners, whose defence was near-impregnable. But conversely, their relatively low margins of victory speak for the inability of their forwards to translate their territorial supremacy into goals.

Punjab also sported four players who had played for India before, including one Olympian in **Nisha Sharma.** It was hence inexplicable why, after their good showings in the quarters and semi-finals, they were a totally subdued bunch in the finals. For some strange reason, their defence panicked in the opening minutes of the game, and conceded two goals in the space of ten minutes. Both goals were notched up by the broad-shouldered **Balwinder Bhatia,** the first being a good field goal off a strong shot that thudded into the boards. and the second off a penalty-corner.

Thereafter, it was too late. The Railways, having done their work, fell back on defence, content with holding out their two-goal advantage. With the forwards often falling back to reinforce the defence, there was little that Punjab could do in the first half. They came back rejuvenated after the breather, and managed to stretch their opponents' defence with 7 penalty corners inside ten minutes. But, terrible finishing prevented the holders from reducing the margin.

Punjab had a tough match against Bombay in the semi-finals, though the ultimate margin of 3-0 does not give a true picture of the keenness of the struggle. Until the closing minutes of the first half, Bombay were very much in the game, and had in fact the better of the exchanges. An analysis of the number of penalty corners forced by the rival sides would give the reader an idea of the tenseness of the encounter. Bombay in the first half forced five, while

# lacklustre encounters

Punjab had four. But, true to the traditions of recent Indian hockey, Bombay could not convert even one of the five. The "stopper" was so butter-fingered that not even on one occasion was the hit-in properly trapped.

Nor were Punjab any better. It was Bombay's own fault that they fell in arrears in the 26th minute. A penalty-corner assayed by Punjab was fouled, and the referee awarded a penalty stroke. **Jasbir Kaur** converted it easily past a diving **Philomena Trinidad** to put Punjab's nose in front. Two minutes before the break, Nisha Sharma ran down the right flank and hit a good field goal, the best of the three that Punjab scored. The third goal was off a penalty-corner one of nine that Punjab earned in the match.

The Punjab forwards were much nippier in the second half, with Bombay losing heart to some extent because of the two-nil deficit at half-time. Bombay's defence, however, stood up to the test, with **Patsy Vallis** and **Cynthia D'Souza** excelling in blocking their rivals' view of their goal. The nimble **Fiona Albuquerque,** who had notched Bombay's match-winning solitary goal in the quarter-final against Bengal, was outstanding in Bombay's attacking line, but suffered from lack of adequate support.

Punjab's attack was really in full cry in the quarter-final against Karnataka. The team from the South, which had earlier had the distinction of notching up the highest tally of th competition (seven-zero against Andhra Pradesh), were "hit for a four" as they would say in cricket; and it was only the athletic goal-keeping of **Karen Marker** that prevented the tally from being higher. Punjab toyed with the opposition, with sixteen-year old centre-forward **Rajbir Kaur** proving that she was the best of the centre-forwards on view in the competition. The swerve and sway which Rajbir essayed, and her delightful stickwork and ball control stamped her out as an immediate India prospect. Her habit of alternating between centre-forward and centre-half also threw the opposition into some confusion.

And yet, it may be marked, that Punjab opened the scoring only in the second half, with many of their efforts going abegging in the first. The same thing could be said of Railways' opening match — the quarter-final against Chandigarh, who had been fortunate to top Group "C", ahead of Maharashtra and Delhi. Railways won by an unimpressive 2-0 margin in a lacklustre encounter, wherein both defences dominated. **Manjeet Kaur,** in the Chandigarh defence, especially caught the eye with her robust tackling.

In the other two quarter-final ties, Bombay pipped Bengal 1-0, while U.P. knocked out last year's runners-up, Combined Universities by a 3-2 margin. The format of the competition provides for the four best teams of a particular year going straight into the quarter-finals in the following year, while the other four quarter-finalists are provided by teams who top four groups of four to five teams each. Universities were hence, playing their first match, and were down by two goals before they could settle down. Further, they had only three of the players who had assisted the side last year.

The collegians fought back in the second half, and got back on even terms. The second of their goals was, however, unfairly awarded, and nearly led to the match being abandoned by the threat of a U.P. walk-out. The disputed goal was clearly scored from

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**At the 34th Women's Hockey Nationals — mid-field action during the league matches (far left) and fighting for possession of the ball in mid-field (left).**

**BELOW: 16-year-old Rajbir Kaur, the most exciting centre-forward in India today.**

an offside position, but the U.P. protests fell on deaf ears, with umpire **Basra** standing by his award of a goal. U.P., disgruntled, were on the point of walking off, but fortunately, stayed on, and notched a goal in the second minute of extra-time to take them through into the semi-finals.

Before the next international competition, a coaching camp is bound to be held for India's probables. The coaches would do well to concentrate on improving the girls' shooting prowess, especially the conversion of penalty corners. Without goals, all the good work in the field comes to nought. India's stickwork, body swerve and ball control are already world-renowned; let these be translated into honest-to-goodness goals!

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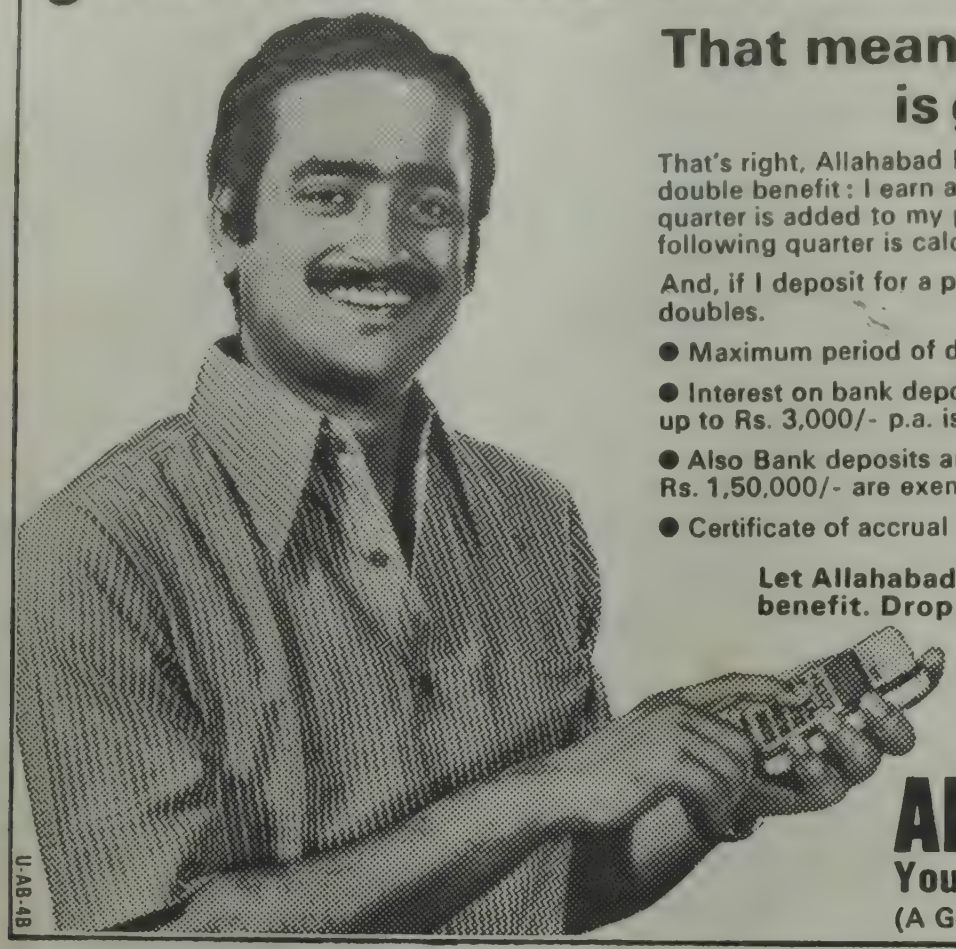

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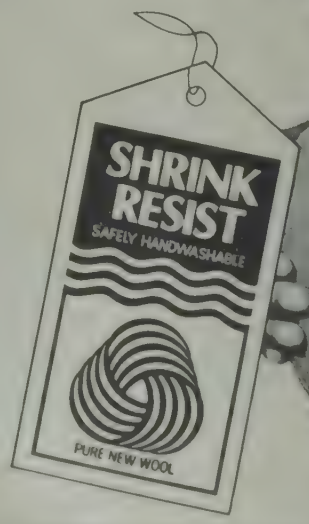

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**NAGESH**

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Every day I would hear them fight, then wonder at the idiosyncrasies of nature. The same blood flowed through their veins. They were brothers. Then why this vicious enmity? I was married to one of them. This was what made my position so difficult. If I tried to soothe Vasant my husband, he always mistook my intentions and felt I was being partial to his younger brother Anant.

In the days when I came to live in that joint family as a young bride, my mother-in-law kept a fragile peace between them. Her presence was a restraint for their constant antagonism, but though the fire was invisible, it lay dormant and deadly, just inches beneath the surface. A single word or gesture could provoke it to a raging argument.

Many times I wondered if we wouldn't have been better off if we moved away, leaving Anant and my in-laws in the ancestral house, while Vasant and I made our own home in a city flat. But I was a submissive daughter-in-law and dared not speak out. You will be surprised to learn that in those early days I did not even know how much my husband earned. At the end of every month, he meticulously put his pay into the hands of his mother, keeping a little with him for his personal expenses.

We live in a strange world. Volumes may be written about womens' emancipation and rights, but at the core we are still the brow-beaten species, afraid to raise our voice in open rebellion, accepting with submission the trifles that come our way. Those women who have learnt to assert themselves, are still very few. Mostly they belong to the race of career women. The money they earn has given them the self-confidence to speak out. I was not like that. At least not in those days.

I suffered in silence and was brow-beaten into subjugation. You may say that my mother-in-law was a woman too, belonging to an even older era than I, but her case was different. She had control of the family finances. Her husband had left her a tidy sum of money when he died. For the sake of this, her sons hankered to please her and her daughter pressed her legs when she complained of pain. Ultimately it is money that bestows power. During her husband's lifetime, maybe she had been just like me, a wilting rag doll.

It needed another woman to fan the embers into a flame. She came when Anant got married. She was quite unlike me. She had a job and from the start she made it clear to the family that she would not give it up. Her presence gave Anant some extra confidence. It was there in the way he walked and talked, in the inclination of his head and the set of his shoulders.

The first pay day after Anant's marriage was an inferno. He came home and put his entire pay into the hands of his new wife Radha. She promptly took it to the cupboard and locked it up. My mother-in-law was stuck speechless with shock. I looked at Anant in amazement, then at my husband Vasant. Anant had done what I had always longed my own husband would do. I waited

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## TRUE CONFESSION

for Vasant to put his salary into my hands, but he marched up to his mother as before and gave it to her. My mother-in-law flared up at Anant. "If you want to live in this house, you will have to conform." He looked at her and smiled wryly. "Radha will run the house from this day on, thank you." We were amazed at his audacity.

"Led us on with false talk of the tremendous fortune father had left you, didn't you mother? I happen to know it is a lie. All a bloody lie."

"I'll teach you to talk with respect to me!" she shouted.

"You're welcome to all the respect you can get from Vasant. I'm going to leave this house!"

"No!" she said.

"You can mollycoddle that elder son of yours. I want to be free. Till I met Radha, I didn't realise how we were being bamboozled with a false bait."

"Hold your tongue you insolent scoundrel!" said Vasant suddenly. "You're welcome to leave any time but don't pollute the atmosphere with your foul talk."

"You don't know what she has done," Anant taunted.

"What has she done?"

"Fortunately it was discovered just in time. It would have been a bloody disgrace if it had come out at the time of Sandhya's wedding." Sandhya was their only sister and she was officially engaged, but the marriage was still some six months off.

"Look at this," said Anant, extending a necklace. "I had it valued at the goldsmith's shop. It's fake, you understand? Fake. She gave it to Radha as a present. Her trunk is stuffed with dozens of such ornaments through which she makes her pretensions to wealth. But I'll bet anything they are all imitation gold, by now.

"She's been selling her jewellery through the years and replacing them with artificial ornaments, do you know? Now what I'd like to know is, what she's done with the money."

He looked directly at Vasant when he said this. The accusation in his eyes was plain.

"Are you insinuating that she gave the money to me?" raged my husband.

"Well, since she didn't give it to me. it is only obvious that there has been some conspiracy going on against me, isn't it?" he sneered.

Vasant sprang at him.

"Please," I pleaded. "Don't fight." They did not listen.

I turned to my mother-in-law. "Please mother," I urged. "Stop them." But she was listless and beaten now. She was crying softly and tears streamed down her aged cheeks. "Radha," I cried, "Stop them please." Finally we managed to separate the two.

My mother-in-law said in the lull that followed their fighting, "It is all finished now. I thought I could hold out at least till Sandhya's marriage, but the truth is out."

We stared at her.

"I never had a husband," she said bluntly.

Anant and Vasant looked uncomprehendingly at each other.

"Yes," she went on. "I kept the truth a secret all these years. I got away from a life I had come to hate. I tried to give my three children a good life. I had accumulated enough money to live comfortably, make some of it into gold ornaments. But I could not keep my past away for long. A man who from his mother. But I prevailed upon him to stay. Maybe I was browbeaten into submission all my life, but this revelation about my mother-in-law taught me certain values. I wanted to stand up for them, come what may. I did not want to run away from our past. My mother-in-law had done her best for her children. Her profession was an accident. She was a victim of circumstances. We didn't have the right to punish her for it.

Today, though people whisper nasty things about us, because the oaf who saw no more money forthcoming, has been gossiping around, I hold my head high and walk.

**My roots had gone too deep in my husband's household for me to disown my mother-in-law when her squalid but well-hidden secret stood revealed. But what about my children? How will they face a scornful society?**

was a familiar fixture in the brothel, suddenly saw me in the market one day and followed me here. He found out my new name and then there was no peace. He kept making demands. I kept paying him because I didn't want my sons and daughter to know the truth about me. Now tell me. was that such a crime?"

She was weeping without restraint now and I took her gnarled hand in mine.

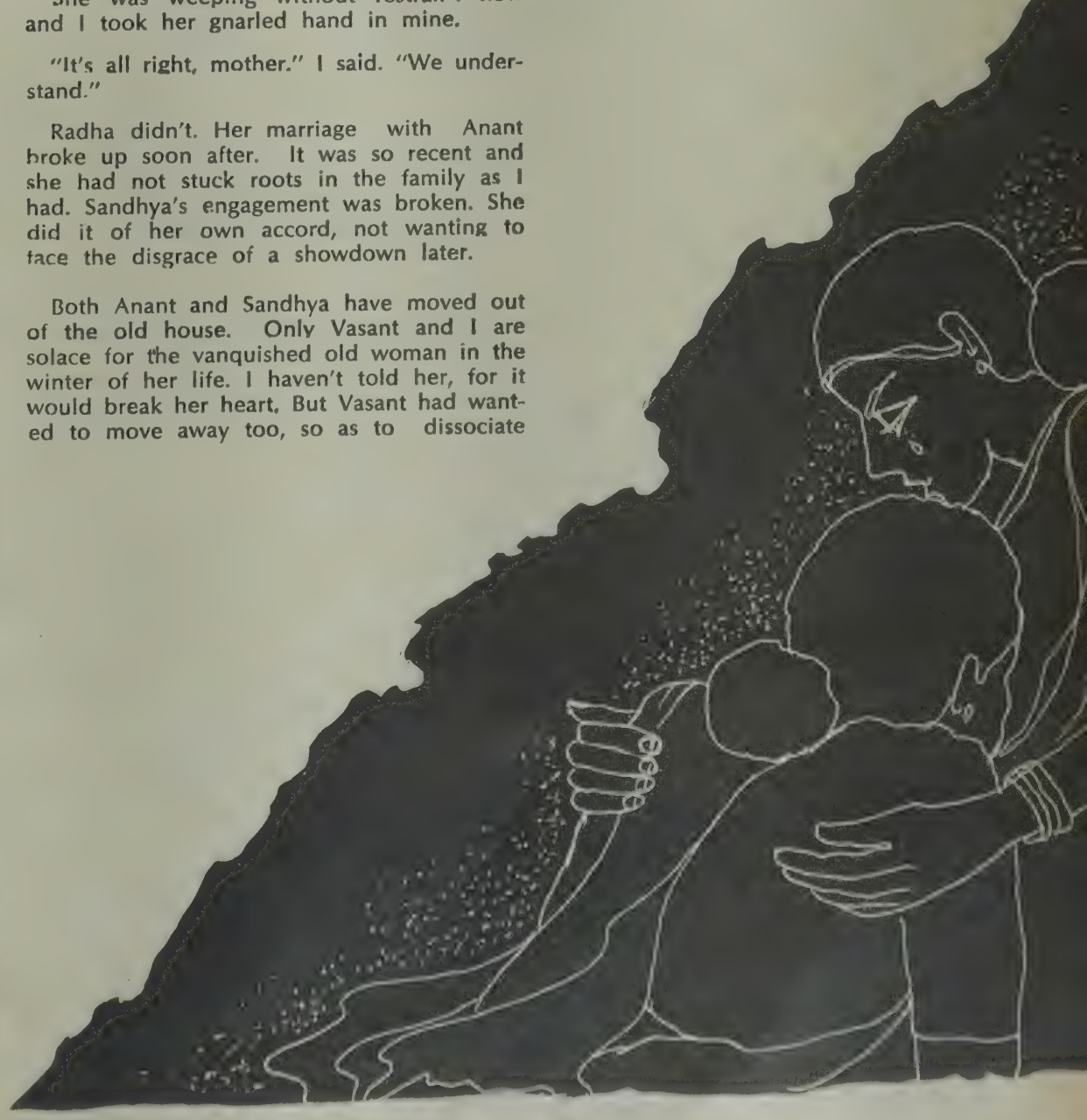
"It's all right, mother." I said. "We understand."

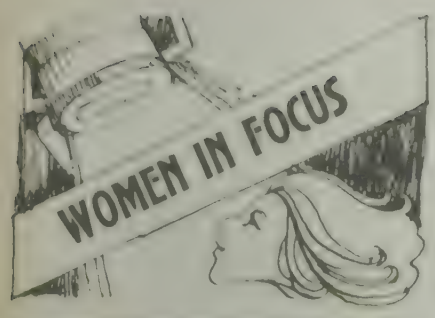
Radha didn't. Her marriage with Anant broke up soon after. It was so recent and she had not stuck roots in the family as I had. Sandhya's engagement was broken. She did it of her own accord, not wanting to face the disgrace of a showdown later.

Both Anant and Sandhya have moved out of the old house. Only Vasant and I are solace for the vanquished old woman in the winter of her life. I haven't told her, for it would break her heart. But Vasant had wanted to move away too, so as to dissociate

"What will we tell our children?" Vasant asks me, "when they grow up and our neighbours begin to fill their ears with stories?"

Then I wonder. Yes. What will we tell them?






GEETA LAKHANI

# A UNIQUE SERVICE

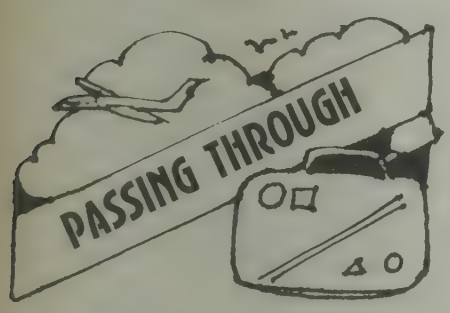
Down Wodehouse Road, Colaba, is a sign in black which might arouse considerable curiosity and conjecture. It says Telephone Answering Service and has been variously interpreted by passers by. Mrs. Geeta Lakhani, the brain behind this unique service is used to explaining it to curious callers. The telephone answering service is a round-the-clock facility, available to all those without telephones as well as those with phones who get calls at odd hours — after working hours and late at night.

Mrs. Lakhani borrowed the idea from the West, where telephone answering services dot city maps. Surprisingly enough, it hasn't caught on in India and hordes of people continue to be frustrated in business or at work because of the unavailability of a telephone. What this agency offers is a telephone number which the client can use as his own — he can print it on his letterhead and his visiting card. So when an outsider calls that number, he gets connected to the answering service and the operator takes down the caller's message and other details on a specially printed slip. Later, when the client calls up from a public booth or comes to the agency to ask if there have been any calls, the operator reads out or hands over the message. Convenient — and all for the nominal sum of Rs. 80 a month, which is more economical than owing your own phone. She has six telephones and six operators who work in shifts all twenty-four hours. Each client is provided with a code name so that absolute secrecy of messages and identities is maintained

In addition Mrs. Lakhani also runs a telex service, mostly subscribed to by large businessmen and a mail service for people without proper addresses — they use her address and collect their mail from her.

Mrs. Lakhani was born in Surat and then shifted to Bombay with her family in the fifties. She was in London for nine years, doing her B.A. in Economics and Politics and the Pitman's Secretarial Course, and later worked in London as Collector of Taxes. She then trained with her father's business before coming back to Bombay to get married. Now at 32, and mother of two, Mrs. Lakhani is definitely what one would call enterprising.

**Minu Cherian**




ELISABETH STIERLI

# GOODWILL AMBASSADOR

A harbinger of goodwill, a successful journalist, a mother of two grown-up children, and warm and vivacious as a person, Mrs. Elisabeth Stierli of Switzerland was all that — and was in Bangalore recently for a brief four days. She was attending the Fourth World-wide Conference of the organisation named People-to-People International as President of their Swiss chapter.

Widely travelled and innately interested in other cultures, Mrs Stierli, 45, joined the PTP not merely because it afforded opportunities for foreign travel and routine sight-seeing, but because it enabled one to come into contact with "the ordinary, average citizens of a country."

Mrs. Stierli went to the USA twice on a PTP programme, living with families in the cities she visited. Meeting different people helped her in her journalistic career. She saw American journalists at work and found herself handling her first press conference "without even a perfect knowledge of English"

But after all that, she was designated Hon. Citizen of the State of Washington and of Kansas City. Mingling with people of a different nationality also helped, she believed, to dispel commonly held generalities like "the Swiss are materialistic or "Indians are spiritual".

In her career in journalism, Mrs. Stierli began as a "self-starter." She lived in Turkey for eight years, where her husband was posted as Press Attache in the Embassy. Soon, commentaries on Turkish politics became her speciality, as also articles on the myriad facets of a hitherto little known country. She formed a newspool consisting of 15 German, Austrian and Swiss newspapers, who snapped up her stories.

One of her most noteworthy achievements she felt, was being asked by "Penthouse", the well-known men's magazine to write an article for their German edition for a fee of $1,500! No woman writer until then probably, had seen her own by-line in "Penthouse." Mrs. Stierli's subject was: "The Sexual Sensibility of the American Male" (She added, however, that she had partially concealed her identity through use of her maiden name).

When asked what she thought of Women's Lib, she said she had not personally encountered discrimination. She believed that "no man is born more clever than a woman. It is the educational system which drives him to earn."

But European women, on the whole, she felt, did not stand up for themselves, did not like to take decisions, "they don't want to fight for equality." Only 30 per cent of women in Switzerland worked, because their men did not want them to. In Sweden, however, she found men were "becoming shyer" and women were even holding senior administrative positions.

Apart from Mrs. Stierli's "biggest hobby" being her work (writing), she loves travelling, is an expert on Byzantine art, is deeply interested in astrology, and in ancient Greek philosophy; a fascination which began durng her seven-year stay in Athens, where she awoke every morning, as she recalled, to a view of the Acropolis.

Some time next year, Mrs. Stierli plans to do a world trip (when India, hopefully, will be on her itinerary) "with just one bag on my shoulder!"

**Nandini Bhaskaran**

# it's slower in real life

**Mona Bannerji**

**She put an end to all those juvenile fantasies by sitting on the bed and curling her feet under her. It is hard to carry on a torrid affair with a woman who looked so comfortable and unsuspecting**

ARRANGED marriages are the product of cold hard calculation. The parents who put these matches together tend to ignore the more romantic details of life. They go about it as one would in grafting roses for the best bloom, or mating animals to produce a stronger breed. And I am not kidding. An aunt of mine with two short daughters searched hard, and got two sons-in-law who were over six feet tall so that the next generation is well-built. My grandfather subscribed to the same school, and picked a handsome, brainy boy for his ugly daughter, so that the grandchildren are tolerably good looking. He then went about grooming this young man to meet the needs of his family, paying for his education and graduate study in England. Fate played a tremendous joke on Grandfather, because no children were born of this marriage, and Pisi always treated her husband as a gigolo.

Obviously I am not for arranged marriages. Yet, strangely enough, I allowed my parents to drag me into one. It was sheer laziness on my part. I was not really going steady with any girl, and was gradually becoming tired of hanging around coffee shops with a bunch of guys. Moreover, my childhood friends were getting married one by one, leaving me feeling very frustrated. So, when my mother offered to find a bride for me, I just shrugged, "Why not?"

In the beginning I would get very excited when I went to see a prospective bride with them. But slowly I lost interest. During these "meetings" we would both be so heavily chaperoned that it was almost impossible to get to talk with the girl, leave alone trying to decide whether I liked her personality or not. As for whether I liked her looks — forget it. They would all be so dolled up, with so much jewellery on them, that I had no idea what any of them looked like in real life. I could not even tell whether they squinted or not, or if they had a stammer. Very quickly I was turned off by all these girls whose eyes would be focused on the toes of my shoes, and whose shy whispering answers to all my questions made me suspect that I was losing my hearing.

After that it became a mere formality. My parents and accompanying relatives would inspect the girl and quiz her, while I concentrated on the food and the drinks her folks were serving.

One day Mother announced that they sort of liked one of the girls we had seen a couple of weeks ago, and she wanted to know my opinion.

"Which one?" I asked her.

"Smita. The doctor's daughter from Hathi Bagan."

It did not ring a bell, so she tried again. "The one who works at American Express." I had vague memories of a girl who had worn a light blue sari, with no zari work on it, and a demure string of pearls. Also, she had answered all Mother's questions clearly and confidently. Father was obviously getting very irritated with my attitude, because he suddenly put down the newspaper and said, very sarcastically, "This is the girl at whose house you had raso-malai for dessert and carried on such a witty discussion on how seeing girls was wreaking havoc on your waist-line."

I hastily answered , "Oh, yes, yes, of course. I remember her. She will do very nicely."

My parents proceeded with the arrangements without further consultation with me — which

## THE LITTLE WOMAN

**by Don Tobin**

YOU'RE NOT GOING OUT IN THIS MISERABLE WEATHER?!!
I HAVE TO SEE MABEL ... OUR PHONE'S OUT OF ORDER -
BUT THERE'S A BLIZZARD RAGING OUT THERE!
IT CAN'T BE HELPED -
I'VE GOT TO KNOW IF HER DINNER GUESTS LIKED MY RECIPE FOR CREAMED CHICKEN -
GOOD GRIEF!
OF ALL THE STUPID IDEAS! ONLY AN IDIOT WOULD GO OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS!
?
MAYBE YOU HAVE A POINT THERE -
AND BE SURE AND ASK HER IF ANY OF THEM TOOK SECONDS!
12-10
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"I see here by the papers they can prove love is blind."

"How so?"

"Well, they found a murdered man in lover's lane and by George, he'd been dead a whole week."

Aunt Hermoine made a surprise visit to her niece Flexie in her Greenich Village studio-apartment and was shocked to discover that Flexie had been working as an artist's model.

"Heavens, girl," exclaimed Aunt Hermoine "you don't mean to tell me that a nice girl like you poses for a strange man with no clothes on."
"But, Auntie," protested Flexie, "that's not true. He wears slacks, shoes, a shirt and everything."

The professor's little daughter was entertaining visitors until her mother and father arrived home from a shopping trip. One of the ladies remarked to the other with a significant look, "Not very p-r-e-t-t-y," spelling the word.

Answered the professor's little daughter, "Neither are you, you old w-i-t-c-h."

Scoopy Nash, boy reporter, just didn't seem to be able to make the grade. None of his stories had any news interest.

"How many times do I have to tell you," the editor reminded him, "of the old formula: if a dog bites a man, that ain't news — but if a man bites a dog, that's news."

The next day Scoopy's paper carried the following headline: FIRE PLUG BURSTS — DROWNS DOG.

Invited to a fancy dress party, a hard-drinking man asked his wife, "Any ideas, dear?"

"Yes," she replied, "Go sober. That'll fool them."

When the little broom straw asked its mother how he came into the world, the mother answered, "Your father and I swept together."

A woman customer was inspecting a case of revolvers.
"Here's a very nice pistol, madam," recommended the clerk. "It shoots eight times."
"Say, what do you think I am," demanded the woman haughtily, "a polygamist?"

**Compiled by: George Fegradoe.**

## IT'S SLOWER IN REAL LIFE

was just as well. A week before the wedding the relatives started arriving, and kept on coming till they seemed to be coming out of the woodwork. My generally placid mother started getting more and more irritable as children started running through her immaculate living room, the bathrooms started smelling, and people seemed to be sleeping in the oddest places at the oddest hours. We have a large house overlooking the lake, and suddenly it seemed too small and congested. I started spending more and more time outside the house, much to the chagrin of various aunts who had come for the express purpose of seeing me suffer.

On the day of the wedding itself I was concentrating so much on playing the suave man-of-the-world, the ultimate playboy, that I had no time to feel anything else. As there wasn't much to see in the huddled red and gold figure next to me, I kept busy flirting with her friends throughout the evening and the basar night. I must have put Don Juan to shame

In a Bengali wedding the bride and the groom do not see each other the second day after marriage, and I was suitably grateful for this rule. I spent the day at my mother's sister's place, and as Aunt was in our house with her daughter while Uncle was away at work, I had the whole house to myself. I spent most of the day sleeping.

The third day the ceremony is held at the boy's house, and I had to play host. There was no time to think of myself as I saw to the needs of the guests.

Soon, too soon, the day came to an end, and it was time to spend the first night with my bride in a room ridiculously decked out with flowers. The very smell of these blossoms was suffocating. Suddenly I felt rebellious. I was no bull, horse, or dog to be thrown into a room with a stranger and expected to perform stud services. When I entered the room, which till a few days ago had been my room, I was in a belligerent mood — and the innane teasing of my cousins had done nothing to improve it. I have always been an only child, and the thought of having to share my room with another human being was in itself repulsive.

I don't know what I had expected to see upon entering, but if it was a coy bride sitting shyly on the edge of the bed, as they show in movies, I was mistaken. She was wandering around the room inspecting my belongings.

I snapped, "I hope you approve."

She turned around, and smiling uninhibitedly greeted me. "Hello. It's so wonderful to see a familiar face again, after having spent two days with total strangers."

"They aren't strangers. They are your new family."

"Oh, come on. All that takes time, except in the pages of a cheap novel. You know that, just as well as I do."

I hadn't quite thought of it that way — and I certainly didn't know this woman I would be spending the rest of my life with. But I liked her easy style. It was so much more refreshing than the giggling, childish girls I had known so long. By this time she had taken my tennis racquet off the wall and was weighing it in her hand, asking, "How good is your game?"

"Pretty good, I would say."

"I am sure I could beat you."

"Is that a challenge?"

"Yes"

"Taken. We'll find out just as soon as we are back from Ooty."

I was wondering when I should move forward and sweep her up in my arms, and crush her as all my heroes in literature tend to do. She put an end to all those juvenile fantasies by going and sitting on the bed, comfortably curling her feet under her. It is hard to carry on a torrid affair with a woman who looked so comfortable and unsuspecting. I felt awkward standing in the middle of the room, so I pulled a chair up and sat facing her. We sat like that chatting away for hours, getting to know each other.

Suddenly she asked, "I hope you are not superstitious?"

"No. Why?"

"Because I cannot stand these flowers any more. We will just throw conventions to the winds and sweep them all off the bed." With one deft movement she had them all in a pile in one corner of the room, and had started unpinning them off her person. She reached out, and I obediently handed her the garland I had been wearing around my neck. After that she unwound her elaborate hairdo, and I watched with fascination as her hair cascaded down her back. Then she turned around and asked me for a comb.

"But I don't have one. I use a brush, and it's in the bathroom."

"Don't have a comb?" and she looked at me unbelievingly. "Ah, well. It's going to be hard, but it will have to do for tonight." She brushed out her hair, and then braided it tightly, while I asked, "How come you have long hair, when all your friends have short hair?"

"I believe in being different."

After that there was a lull in the conversation, till I asked. "Care for a drink?"

"Would love to. But can you imagine what would happen if they smelt it on the new daughter-in-law tomorrow morning?"

"They won't. My mother believes in the small luxuries of life. So every bedroom has its own bathroom. You can bathe and brush before you meet any of them tomorrow morning."

We were both laughing uncontrollably as I took out a bottle of Chablis from my cabinet and started pouring in two mismatched glasses. A stern voice called out. "Bahu, go to sleep. You have a long day ahead of you"

Smita's laughter died off in mid-chord as she looked nervously towards the door. I reached out and patted her hand reassuringly, telling her, "It is only Grandmother. She is probably sitting guard outside our door." Then I called out loudly, "It is all right, Thakuma. You can go to sleep." With a conspiratorial wink we toasted each other.

I don't know which of us drifted off to sleep first but we were sleeping diagonally, far apart from each other, when I awoke the next morning.

Mother helped Smita pack for our honeymoon trip, and much to the annoyance of all my aunts she packed shorts, slacks, and denim jeans, instead of bright red silk sarees. Also, she took

**Continued on page 54**

At the United Arab Emirates' National Day celebrations held at Taj Mahal Hotel, Bombay, are seen (from left) Mrs. P. Sunthraraks, Mrs. A. Al-Shubaili, Mr. E. Jawad, Consul General, U.A.E., Mrs. S. El-Ejel and Mrs. S. Horino.

Neena Nanda and Nirmala Hurra held an exhibition of woollen items in Ahmedabad recently.

Bombay beat Khadakvasla in the two-day yacht race in Bombay harbour. Margaret Wong-Shroff presents the trophy to Frank Courtney of the winning team. Also seen is Lieut. S. T. Ali.

LEFT: Miss Mehjabin Khan (centre) was selected Navy Queen at the Navy Ball held as part of the Navy Week celebrations in Bombay. Also seen are (from left) Miss Sumangla Basu, 1st-runner-up; Vice Admiral V.E.C. Barboza, Flag Officer Commanding-in-chief, Western Naval Command; Mr. S. K. Mohile, M.D., Crompton Greaves; Miss Mitsu Rajda, 2nd-runner-up; and Capt. S.C. Bindra.

## BOMBAY

A unique show entitled, "Sangeet Pushpanjali" was presented by the Indian Chapter of the Ohara School of Ikebana as part of the silver jubilee celebrations of the Fellowship of the Physically Handicapped.

"Sangeet Pushpanjali," a salutation to the "Navagrahas" (nine planets) was held at the Air India Auditorium and featured flower arrangements by Mrs. Hena Rahimtulla to the accompaniment of a repertoire of vocal classical music by Mrs. Manorama Vira and Mrs. Saroja Ramamrutham. The vases used for the arrangements were of metals associated with the respective planets e.g. an iron vessel for the planet Saturn.

Mrs. S. Horino, wife of the Consul General of Japan was the chief guest. She presented a donation cheque on behalf of the Ohara School to a representative of the Fellowship of the Physically Handicapped.

* * *

The Chairman and the members of the Takhman-28, a group of experimental artists of Rajasthan, recently inaugurated the Art Exhibition of Takhman-28 at Jehangir Art Gallery. Prof. V. R. Amberker was the chief guest. The exhibition was organised under the joint auspices of Rajasthan Lalit Kala Akademi.

* * *

The inaugural function of "Young India 80" at Cross Maidan, Churchgate, was organised by Prin. Ram Joshi, President, Bombay Youth Centre and Vice-Chancellor, University of Bombay. Mr. A. R. Antulay, Chief Minister, Maharashtra, was the chief guest and Mr. S. N. Desai, Minister of State for Cooperation, Industries and Information, presided over the function.

* * *

The Armed Forces Flag Day Collection Drive was launched by Air Chief Marshal (Retd.) O P. Mehra, Governor of Maharashtra, at Raj Bhavan.

Mr. Nandal, IAS, Collector of Bombay, and President of the Committee and Mr. Ram Batra, Chairman, Armed Forces Flag Committee, received the donation from the Governor.

A gala star studded charity show of "Bandish" was also organised by the Armed Forces Flag Day Committee to raise funds for disabled jawans, ex-servicemen, war-widows and their families at Naaz Cinema.

Mrs. Shalinitai Patil, Minister for Revenue, lauded the activi ties of the committee and appealed to the citizens of Bombay to donate generously for this noble cause. Among the film stars present on the occasion were Rajesh Khanna, Danny Denzongpa, Vijay Arora and Mrs. Dimple Khanna.

* * *

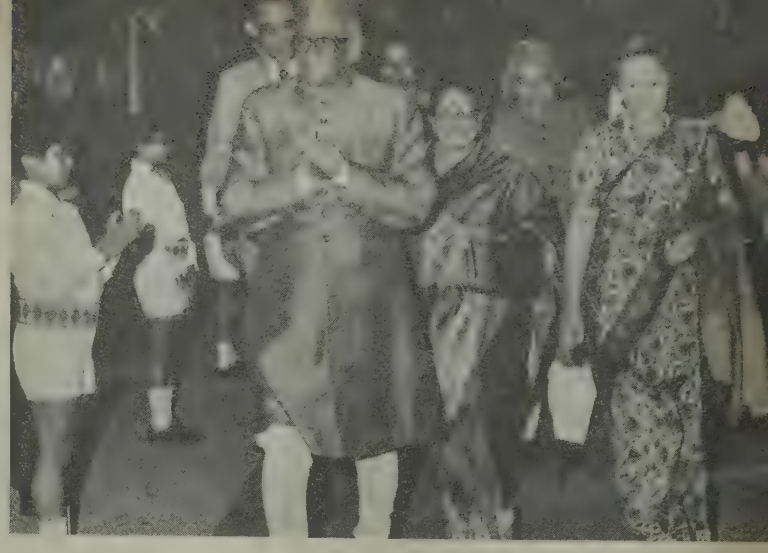
In the true spirit of X'mas goodwill, Hotel Oberoi Towers hosted a huge banquet in the Sunset Suite and its adjoining lawns on December 22 for 100 children from two local orphanages, St. Catherine's Home and the Dominic Savio Home. Each child was gifted a set of clothes, and the hotel executives pooled in together to pay for the stitching charges and for a Christmas present for each child in addition.

The Hotel's five-star band and a foreign guest artiste entertained the tiny tots, along with a magician, clown, juggler,etc. and of course Santa. Various commercial establishments joined hands with Hotel Oberoi Towers to help fill to the brim, Santa's enormous gift sack. Britannia, Dawn Mills, Brite, Mafatlal Textiles, Aurora Hasbro, Godrej were some of the contributors.

* * *

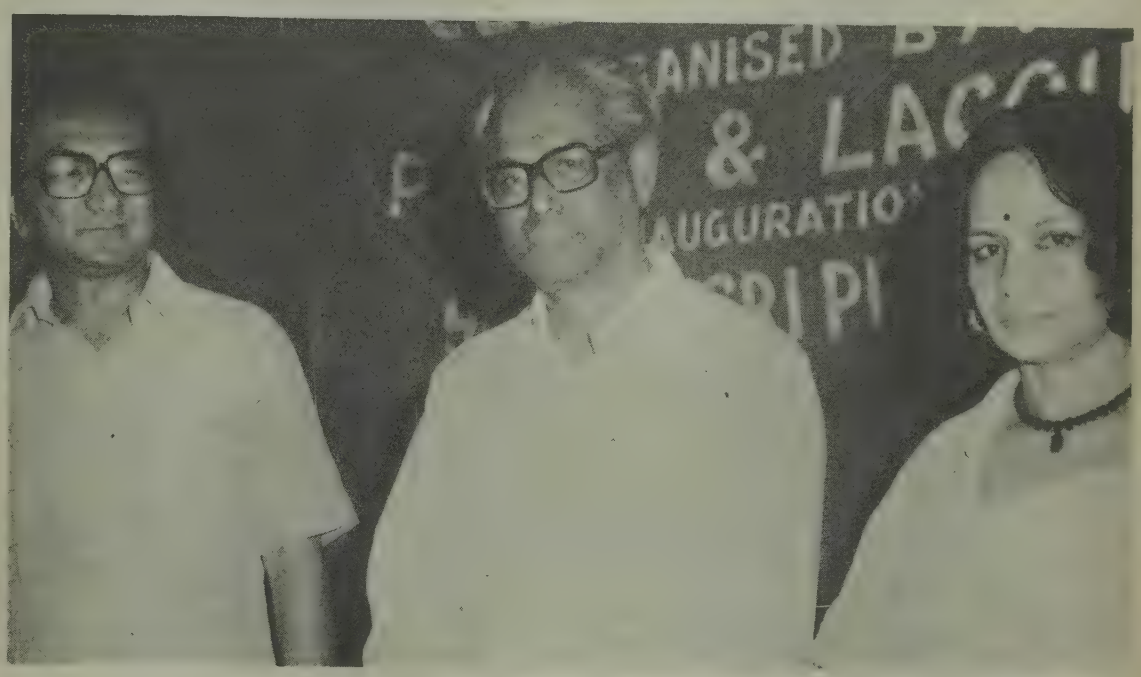
The Indian Women Scientists' Association (IWSA), which is an all India organisation of women

At the swearing-in ceremony of Dr. B. K. Goyal as the Sheriff of Bombay are seen (from left) Mrs. Goyal, Saira Banu, Air Chief Marshal (Retd.) O. P. Mehra, Governor of Maharashtra, Dr. Goyal, Mrs. Satya Mehra, and Mr. Dilip Kumar.



President Neelam Sanjiva Reddy and Mrs. Reddy seen arriving at the silver jubilee and annual day function of Springdales School, New Delhi. Also seen are Admiral Pereira, Prof. Nural Hasan and Mrs. R. Kumar, Principal of the school.

Mrs. Kunhimalu Nair, President, Railways Wheel and Axle Plant Women's Organisation, Bangalore, hands over a cheque to Mrs. Manorama Madhwaraj, Minister of State for Women's and Children's Welfare at a benefit dance recital held in the city.



At a Cultural Nite held by Paints and Lacquers in Calcutta, are seen (from left) Mr. N.N. Samadder, Mr. Prasanta Sur, and Mrs. Meena Samaddar.

scientists extend a warm and cordial invitation to woman engineers and scientists from all over the world, to participate in the VIth International Conference of Women Engineers and Scientists (ICWES) to be held in Bombay, from September 7 to 12, 1981.

The theme of the conference is "Science, Technology, and Society." The last day for registration is March 31, 1981.

The deadline for the Abstract which should be written in English is March 31, 1981. Further information can be obtained from Dr. Mrs. Sumati V. Bhide, Cancer Research Institute, Tata Memorial Centre, Parel, Bombay-400 012.

* * *

Nalini Sarees will hold an exhibition-cum-sale of sarees and readymade churidar-kameez sets at Aakar Art Gallery on January 1, & 2, 1981.

* * *

## DELHI

Springdales School recently celebrated its silver jubilee in the city. Part of the celebration was the reunion of the old teachers and students, some of whom were there when the school started in 1955. At that time Springdales was a small nursery school with 24 tiny tots and three teachers. Today Springdales has established itself as one of the leading institutions in the capital and is well known for its pace-setting and innovative practices. It is one of the few urban schools having farm projects. The students also work in hospitals and take part in road safety programmes. They run non-formal educational centres in slum areas. The silver jubilee and annual day function was inaugurated by President Sanjiva Reddy.

## CALCUTTA

Santana Sikder exhibited a selection of her fabric collages and batik paintings in the West Gallery of the Academy of Fine Arts. Her most interesting works were those where she co-related colour and fabric in original displays. She has achieved a relief effect on felt and has used variegated fabrics like suede, cotton, and woven stuff.

* * *

Maharshi Bhavan, Rabindra Bharati University, was the scene of an impressive exhibition by Tarak Chandra Mukherjee. All the exhibits, expressive in simplicity of form were made from the trash one throws away, — scrap iron, husk, nutshells, rags and wood shavings.

* * *

It was indeed a wonderful sight when His Royal Highness Prince Charles, bending down to kiss a child, was lovingly embraced by the deformed little one when he visited Mother Teresa's Shishu Bhavan. He was struck by the pictures drawn by Samir, a young crippled boy, and asked to see more of the Bhavan where 155 children are housed.

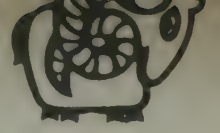
* * *

## BANGALORE

A Bharata Natyam recital by Chitra Visweswaran was held to augment funds for the Railway's Wheel & Axle Plant Women's Organisation. Mrs. Manorama Madhwaraj, Minister of State for Women and Children's Welfare, was the chief guest. Mrs. Kunhimalu Nair, President of the Association, presented a cheque to the Minister as donation to a charitable institution.

# FORECASTS FOR THE NEW YEAR

John Naylor



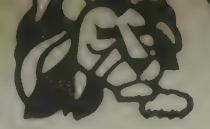
## ARIES

### LOVE AND ROMANCE

Yes, there'll be happy, companionable moments in the Spring, but you must be prepared for the ending of existing relationships, both family and personal. Elderly people and the successful and well established will tend to be demanding and create problems in your life. The odds are you'll find September harassing; you'll worry about relationships with, or the affairs of, companions.

### CAREER AND MONEY

A year of greater than average importance, very hard working, a bit discouraging. At some time, probably late in the year, an important career decision or change will have to be made. The positioning of Jupiter in Libra throughout 1981 is unfavourable to your worldly and financial fortunes. This doesn't mean that disaster will befall you, but you may find working conditions irksome, that a financial squeeze develops, that there are stresses in your relationships with important/senior people or that you fail tests or exams, that targets you have set your sights on are not achieved. Be inclined to observe the formalities in dealing with officialdom and authority and to keep an eye open for troublesome legal complcations. Discontent which develops may decide you on business/working changes in late 1981/early 1982 resulting in a breakthrough, an improvement in fortune and outlook. If you take initiatives, launch new ventures March/April 1981, then (a) make sure you are realistic about financial details (b) tie others down to definite commitments — don't accept casual promises.



## LEO

### LOVE AND ROMANCE

Carefully avoid working off irritations or frustrations on your opposite number January/March. In April things should start to improve. Anxieties you have had in regard to the health or affairs of others will evaporate, your opposite number becomes more sociable and arrange amusing entertainment and outings. Sparkle may be added to your personal life and relationships May/June either (a) because a business contact starts to show a more personal interest in you, or (b) because a match making acquaintance introduces you to charmers. If unattached a new romance will blossom.

### CAREER AND MONEY

If working for large organistion, staff changes may unsettle you January/March. Favour caution and consolidation until midyear. If everyone around is gloomy about future prospects and of the Summer, this may be your chance for a business/economic upswing and revival. Financially, February is the least favourable month of 1981. Things should start to look more promising in July. Opportunities to make extra pin money if you show a bit of enterprise. This is a good time for loans, mortgage or overdraft and asking for a rise. The first half of August is lively and interesting. If you have previously been trying to manoeuvre working changes or to organise business travel, this is when they are be likely to materialise. You'll be making fresh contact, exploring new evironments, dabbling with new interests and activities.

## TAURUS

### LOVE AND ROMANCE

Normally conservative and conventional in your choice of companions, you could, in 1981, find yourself stepping out of line and becoming involved with people of a different background and social standing to yourself and face criticism of your choice of friends around September/October. Due to the harmony which prevails in April, your self-confidence will be boasted, your affairs go with a pleasing swing. Travel, minor but beneficial changes, can be envisaged late April/early May. You'll be thrown together with people you immediately "click" with. There is a possibility of romance and financial improvement.

### CAREER AND MONEY

While in 1981 you do everything right, in 1982 you are faced with business and money problems. Around your birthday in May be prepared to chance your luck, even if advice and current conditions appear unfavourable. If you have found the last four months of 1980 a bit trying, more favourable conditions will prevail in early 1981. Make progress with your work and career between January and May, for the second half of 1981 will tend to be a period in which you mark time. So push your interests January/February. Relationships with senior colleagues can be improved, your reputation and prestige enhanced by playing an active role in public and political life where "top" people will be congregating.

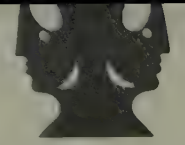
## VIRGO

### LOVE AND ROMANCE

January stars will tend to put an emphasis on leisure and pleasure. Play rather than work will dominate. It should not be difficult to get a casual flirtation under way but discretion will be essential for there is danger of an emotionally discordant situation developing between February and April. The first half of August promises to be blissful. Venus will be moving through Virgo, putting you into a happy mood, showering on you some of the good things of life.

### CAREER AND MONEY

You'll probably have to mark time until midyear, conditions being unfavourable for any major business/career effort. Both in August and November opportunities should develop to further your interests and to boost earnings too. In February, Mercury moves into Pisces, the opposite sign of the Zodiac to Virgo and it remains therein until early April. This transit will have a slightly unsettling effect and you may feel insecure. Absences or departures could throw your normal routine out of gear, or broken promises, changes of plan result in work progressing erratically. While August should be lucky financially, October is a time when you'll probably be manoeuvring assets and investments. There could be a question of making quite a major investment. The financial details of a venture you intend to launch November/December will probably have to be ironed out.



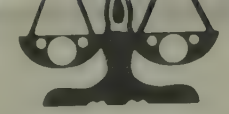
# GEMINI

## LOVE AND ROMANCE

In the main a happy and companionable year, especially the period April/July, but don't become complacent. You are on the brink of a five-year period in which it is essential you make a great effort to maintain marital and other close relationships on a stable and satisfactory basis. If heartfree, there is good prospect of a new attachment developing around your 1981 birthday. Being Gemini, you have a flair for developing new contacts. This talent will be especially in evidence April/May when you'll develop new relationships, both business and personal, which blossom in an advantageous way. It follows that this is a time for being well turned out and for laying on the charm. One aspect of this will be that that there is an enjoyable expansion of your social life and activities.

## CAREER AND MONEY

Because you are so resilient you'll do better than most people. There'll be the two periods in January and October when money is a bit tight, but to counteract this you can count on quite a prosperous and successful phase March/June. May is a propitious month for a change of job or launching a new business, but 1981 is not a good year for taking financial risks. The wise policy will be to hoard capital and then to make solid, rather conservative investments when markets are looking their worst! If wanting to buy a home of your own, do so around your birthday, when you have a lucky touch in handling property matters.



# LIBRA

## LOVE AND ROMANCE

March and April will probably be the least satisfactory months of 1981. The three minor planets — Mercury, Venus and Mars — will be moving through Aries, the opposite sign of the Zodiac to Libra and this suggests problems and difficulties. You'll come up against obstacles and challenges, find that adjustment and improvisation are forced on you, that people are awkward, quarrelsome or uncooperative. Temporarily, an atmosphere of discord will prevail. There is good prospect of you making a breakthrough, of your affairs starting to run more smoothly, in May; finances improve, an altogether more friendly and cooperative atmosphere will prevail. July should bring useful introductions and recommendations. August/September stars promise romance and a memorable holiday.

## CAREER AND MONEY

Jupiter is the planet especially concerned with business and money matters and also the luckiest of the planets. Jupiter in Libra throughout 1981 (a) is beneficial to your status and prospects, (b) suggests the possibility of promotion, the launching of a successful new career/business projects and associations, (c) brings success in tests, exams, important interviews, (d) contributes to good relationships with officialdom, important, wealthy and influential people and organisations, (e) tends to enhance your popularity and brings you favourable publicity, and (f) for a greater sense of security, greater self-confidence.

# CANCER

## LOVE AND ROMANCE

At the start of the year there'll be a carry over of minor difficulties and problems experienced in late 1980. You may be thrown a bit off balance in January by the absence or departure of someone you are fond of. In May/July 1981 new friendships blossom, hobbies and spare time activities flourish. Don't be surprised to find yourself drawn into group activities in May. Because your stars make you emotionally responsive, you'll lead a particularly vivid and eventful emotional life May/June. In fact, being a romantic at heart you could find yourself living in a state of starry eyed bliss due to the agreeable response you get from the opposite sex. If now heartfree a new flirtation will start, if married, you'll enjoy a feeling of harmony with your mate.

## CAREER AND MONEY

The start and end of 1981 will not be too good financially, but you'll manage to flourish pleasingly June/August. Much cutting away of dead wood may become necessary in order to enhance profitability. July/August could be an ideal time for a bold career initiative if young and ambitious. Money prospects are better than average midyear. Watch out for a chance to pick up assets which are being sold cheaply in August. September stars put an emphasis on learning and communication. This is a time for improving your skills and qualifications, especially in terms of follow up courses which keep you abreast of the latest developments in your sphere of work.

# SCORPIO

## LOVE AND ROMANCE

Personal relationships should be harmonious until towards the end of March. Avoid hurting the susceptibilities of a close companion by seeming to favour others. Strive, April/May, to be an attractive, tolerant, good humoured companion. It unattached, a present relationship could become fulfilled through engagement or marriage in late 1981 or early 1982. Your greater feeling of security will improve marriage relationships (if married) in late 1981. You can look forward to your opposite number organising entertainments and social outings in July. The influence of Mercury is strong in November, suggestive of a lively month of travel, movement and change.

## CAREER AND MONEY

Concentrate on consolidation and security until around August. Try to cover yourself against any business/financial hazards developing between March and May. An improvement in status and prospects can then be manoeuvred and you should launch into a phase of activity. Starting in February and continuing through until the end of May there'll be a tendency for the run of luck to go against you. Over a period of roughly a year, between August 1981 and August 1982 factors favourable to your business, financial and worldly fortunes operate. For you this is a period of opportunity and achievement. If you feel like a business change, do not hesitate to investigate and to chance your luck.

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# SAGITTARIUS

## LOVE AND ROMANCE

January 1981 should start on a very pleasantly relaxed and sociable note. You will see more of a person you are particularly fond of. Between May and July all three of the minor planets — Mercury, Venus and Mars — will move through Gemini, the opposite sign of the Zodiac to Sagittarius. This points to an undercurrent of discord, pinpricks. Venus in Gemini between mid-May and mid-June suggests a time when there are disturbed emotional undercurrents, a tendency to worry about relationships with, or the health and affairs of, a loved one. In October socialise and enjoy life. Who you know will be more important than the efforts you make, so be both charming and well turned out.

## CAREER AND MONEY

In late 1981 Uranus starts a seven-year stay in Sagittarius. When it reaches the degree of Sagittarius occupied by the Sun at the time of your birth it will incline you towards making a fresh start, towards the commencement of new enterprises. Throughout the whole of this seven-year period you will be particularly inclined to do "your own thing," to show originality and enterprise, to make your own decisions. In general terms, in January and October 1981 you have the greatest prospect of showing a handsome profit on transactions which you handle, but remember that the pendulum will swing to the other extreme in May, when you could find yourself temporarily "in the red;" so channel a part of surplus January monies into reserves.

# AQUARIUS

## LOVE AND ROMANCE

Venus joins Mars in Aquarius in February so that it will be a prosperous month, happy and sociable. If there is a mutual attraction in January it will blossom into romance in February. If anything, you will be a little too happy-go-lucky in June, too inclined to prefer play to work. You can look forward to having a lot of fun, to social activities and hobbies. But limit the risks you take for casual flirtations. Venus spends most of July in Leo, the opposite sign of the Zodiac to Aquarius — a month in which you lack energy and enthusiasm, have a temporarily upsetting effect on you emotionally and you are likely to land yourself "in the red."

## CAREER AND MONEY

It is possible that right at the start of 1981 you will change your job, start a new business or streamline your working activities in some way. You appear to be moving towards the close of a seven-year phase of activity. Incidentally, this could mean that due to economic pressures your work becomes temporarily more routine and pedestrian, less interesting and creative. In March find time to think seriously about the future. As the going will be tougher July/October plan ahead realistically. March could be made discordant by strikes, widespread industrial unrest. The economic recession under way isn't likely to "bottom out" until August. Your horoscope indicates a succession of minor problems and difficulties July/October.

# CAPRICORN

## LOVE AND ROMANCE

Whereas early January will be all action, the second half of the month should turn out pleasantly companionable and sociable. Could be that new relationships started in early January blossom pleasingly or that an existing relationship passes through a romantic phase. The presence of Venus in Cancer in June indicates a tendency to be too casual or to fail to communicate with others, and this may produce problems. Again, due to the presence of Mars in Cancer throughout August it is likely to be a discordant month. Clashes of personality or interests which have been threatening will erupt. Venus in Capricorn in November should make for a happily companionable and sociable month.

## CAREER AND MONEY

Three planets — Jupiter, Saturn and Pluto — will, throughout 1981, be moving through the tenth (Career) House of your solar horoscope. You will, possibly make a switch around involving senior colleagues which affects your prospects, or a decision to reorganise working activities along what you hope will be more congenial lines. While 1981 starts well, you will probably become harassed and uncertain about the future between June and August — a time when there will be disappointing or bad news. Courage and initiative will decide your fortunes in the second half of the year. December promises to be particularly lively and amusing. Travel is a possibility at the end of the year.

# PISCES

## LOVE AND ROMANCE

Saturn moved out of Virgo and into Libra on September 20, 1980; this means less work and responsibility in 1981, a more relaxed and happy-go-lucky phase of life ahead. You will become more optimistic and contented. Throughout most of March, Venus will also be moving through Pisces. This is generally favourable to your love life, to your personal relationships. Both your love and sex life will get a boost. Between mid-October and mid-December an atmosphere of discord could prevail.

## CAREER AND MONEY

Jupiter moved out of Virgo and into Libra in late October 1980. This has favourable implications in regard to your career and worldly fortunes. There is good prospect that in late 1980/early 1981 efforts and sacrifices made over the past 2/3 years will start to pay off, that you will be promoted, start a new business. Around your birthday you may be making an important investment, developing a new business link-up or partnership, benefit from the good fortune of a person or organisation you are linked with. August marks the start of a four-month period in which you will let the initiative slip out of your hands and dance to the tune of others. It may be that rivalry and competition will build up; it may be there is a succession of problems; it may just be that you get tired and lack drive and inspiration.

**FOR THE WEEK JAN. 4 — 10, 1981**
**John Naylor**

## IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

**A twelvemonth of opportunity, both in business matters and for affairs of the heart. Friends will be important as goodwill is needed to continue progress in the years ahead. A person who is much-travelled, witty and quick-minded, could have a happy role to play in your activities, opening your eyes to fresh possibilities. A changeable year for romance — off with the old and on with the new, perhaps, around mid-1981. If deeply involved, however, there is no obvious indication of problems; in fact, your relationship should flourish, especially in late 1981.**

### ARIES
(March 22 — April 20)

Whilst nothing will tend to come too easily to you during 1981, conscientious effort is certain to pay off, later if not sooner! Plenty of chances to get out and have fun in pleasant company, with outdoor activities especially favoured.

### TAURUS
(April 21 — May 21)

The trend is upward for you now, so don't dwell too much on difficulties you encountered in the last few months of 1980. A busy week, with some amusing meetings, unusual news, perhaps an enjoyable journey which could also prove profitable.

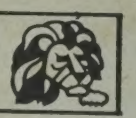
### GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)

Venus moves its position at the end of this week. So if you have minor difficulties in personal life or in cash matters, look for improvement soon. There is nothing now to prevent you pushing ahead with plans and some unexpected luck is on the way.

### CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)

A more relaxed scene will clear any nervous tension you may have been under recently. However, there could be some minor problems, financially. Money owing to you may be delayed for a short period; you could also have an unexpected expense.

### LEO
(July 24 — Aug 23)



You could easily use time and effort in the wrong directions. It is essential to keep abreast of routine. If not, you will be harassed by the end of January. Mars and Mercury opposing your sign will keep you on the go, however you plan.

### VIRGO
(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

An easy-going period and a splendid time for romance, also for involvement with youngsters in the family. Towards the end of the week, a business opening could arise unexpectedly and would be worth your consideration.

### LIBRA
(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

The main emphasis is on home life, the affairs of relatives. You may move house over the next year or two, perhaps with a career change. Social life will be pacy, with pleasure travel, an invitation to join in club activities.

### SCORPIO
(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

Changes are in the air, especially if born around the 20th. Try a new approach if you are not moving ahead. It is a good week for interviews, for short-distance travel. Relatives of about your own age will be helpful.

### SAGITTARIUS
(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

The more you get out and about the luckier you will be. Venus moves out of your sign at the end of this week, but the planetary picture stays lively and rather fortunate for you. Happy meetings, if single, a lively social scene for all.

### CAPRICORN
(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

The influence of Mercury is favourable for all relationships, but especially for partnerships. Good trends, moneywise, with some minor strokes of luck, also gains through friendly contacts, help and advice.

### AQUARIUS
(Jan 21 — Feb 19)

You will tend to be in the right place at the right time and quick to avail of an opportunity that comes your way. Extra energy and enthusiasm will aid all spheres of activity. An exciting time for your love life and rather promising careerwise.

### PISCES
(Feb 20 — March 21)

Background influences are working well for you; you will soon enter a busy, but very fortunate phase. There are splendid aspects for friendships and fun for quite some time ahead. A new link may develop and flourish rapidly.

## IT'S SLOWER IN REAL LIFE

**Continued from page 47**

off all her jewellery, except for a steel bangle on her left wrist, and a thin gold chain around her neck. The relatives on both sides predicted dire consequences for a new bride stepping outside the house shorn of all her finery. I admired the courage of both Mother and Smita to stand up to such opposition.

When we returned from our trip, Mother presented Smita with a single key on a heavy silver ring, saying that this was the present my parents were giving us. Neither of us knew what she was talking about, till Father drove us to our new apartment that evening after dinner, and threw open the door with a flourish. This was more than we had ever hoped for, and were speechless with joy. Mother explained very matter-of-factly that she could not bear the idea of another woman under the same roof with her, so this was her solution. Father confessed that this was the hideout he had long been planning, a place he could escape to from Mother's scoldings and awful cooking! Not that Smita's cooking is any better.

The relatives were aghast. What would people say? A daughter-in-law who had moved out of her father-in-law's house without having stayed there for even a week. Nobody would ever marry into our family again — we should look to the welfare of our unmarried cousins, nieces, and nephews. But Mother was adamant.

Smita's elder brother thought my parents were insane, and tried to counsel me against financial suicide. He advised that we rent out our apartment and move back in with my parents. He even promised my mother that his sister would never interfere in her domestic workings. Mother looked down her sharp, aristocratic nose at him, and announced with cold disdain, "I know what is best for my children."

By far the most devastating blow to the sanity of relatives on both sides of the family was struck by Debuda. Debuda is my father's eldest brother's son, and the acknowledged eccentric of the family. Soon after we settled into our new apartment, he came to deliver our belated wedding present — the softest, fluffiest little golden retriever puppy in a huge big basket. I can't say I was totally surprised. I knew that the stainless steel service for two that Boudi had handed us at the wedding wasn't the real gift from somebody as rich as Debuda, and the longer it was taking him to come forth with another gift, the more absurd it was bound to be.

Everybody shook their head in shocked disbelief. Who ever heard of a dog being a wedding present in a conservative Brahmin family? What was the world coming to?

Smita returned from a visit to her father's house one day and said, "Everybody at home thinks you people are crazy. They are even blaming father for not having found out more about you before going ahead with the wedding."

"Does that mean the party's over, and we are now free to split?"

"Certainly not. I have always wanted my very own madhouse."

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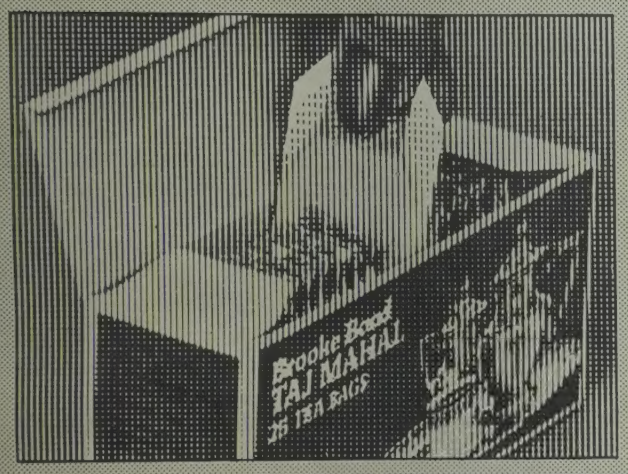


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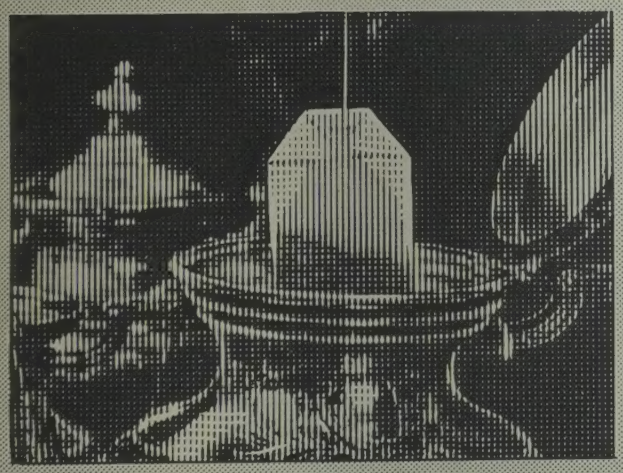

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